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PRIVATE JUDGMENT.

AMONG the numberless and half-forgotten volumes on religious controversy there is one, deemed unanswerable once by the partisans of the cause it endeavored to vindicate, entitled: "*The Religion of Protestants a safe way to Salvation.*" This production was esteemed the master-piece of Anglican polemics, and is accounted by Hallam a fitting reply by anticipation to the profound and exhaustive disquisitions of Bossuet in his History of the Variations of Protestant Churches. Its author, Chillingworth, pertained to that large class of men, numerous in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries when the caldron of religious innovation mixed with political frenzy was boiling furiously, whose interested and selfish motives, as human ambitions hardened with advancing years, swayed more than the dictates of reason and the soul's convictions. He was from every point of view at once a convert and pervert. Dissatisfied with the want of sufficient fundamental principles in Anglicanism, to which his mind was early formed, after accurate and prolonged research among the tenets and pretensions of sectism he embraced as the inevitable result of his investigation the authority and teachings of the Catholic Church. But as reason and reason's handmaid—logic—are poor economists and thoughtless calculators, he seems to have entirely overlooked the fact that his conversion robbed him of the five loaves and savory fishes of the State-nursling; and doomed him to the scant fare and precarious existence of an outlaw. Like those murmuring Jews whom the awful presence of the Shekinah did not restrain from desiring the flesh-pots of Egypt, though they could be tasted only by bondmen, he forsook the difficult path of fidelity; silenced or turned a deaf ear to the promptings of conscience; put out the new lamps of Faith in his soul; and reverted to the ease, honors and darkness of the old way which, at the expense of truth, conviction, earnestness and salva-

tion, led up to emoluments and power. Some doubts, naturally, attached themselves to him on account of his first step and his profitable retractation. The system of purgation to which he had recourse is both characteristic and clever. Fully cognizant as he was that the defense of Protestantism set up by the early innovators and their immediate disciples fell before the first assault of Catholic controversalists, and that only the willfully blind or the ignorantly obstinate sought shelter behind those battered bulwarks; he changed his tactics by removing the fortress of heresy far beyond the reach of reason's shafts. It has been well said that necessity is the mother of invention. Straitened by the obligations of his new position on the one hand; and pressed by the knowledge of Catholic reasoning on the other; there remained to him a solitary refuge, and in it he took sanctuary.

From its inception, Protestantism, as other religious errors before it, held out as its ostensible pretext and grand plea of justification, the right of private judgment. This right is the fecund germ that brought forth, and still unceasingly bears, that variety of vines whose fruits can be tasted not, indeed, in anything that could be termed with propriety the "vineyard of the Lord," because it is without wine-press, lodge or landmark; but in what may be named a *religious commons*, where every seed, nutritious or noxious, may grow and flourish. Not that there is no such right; for there is most certainly. The assertion of such a right is, therefore, reprehensible only when, like other pretensions, an endeavor is made to extend it beyond its natural limitations and just bounds. Every property, faculty or attribute human in its nature is possessed by man only conditionally and for special use. Life, motion and sense can be forfeited by abuse; and are restricted to certain dimensions. Man cannot live beyond a limited number of years, nor can he exist under peculiar circumstances. Deprive him of food, and the vital spark flickers for a brief moment and then goes out. Every function of a created being has its specific laws, otherwise having existence and no law it would be increate. Private judgment, too, has its restrictions, as it is a mere property of a created intelligence confined, limited and definite. Christianity was given to creatures with such a mental endowment, and, as it was adapted to the wants and requirements of the human mind by its Omniscient Author, so it supplies the necessary guidance to its every faculty.

The phrase "private judgment" has a true sense and a false one. Taken as a supreme guide and judge, it has no truth in fact; no foundation in nature; no place in correct reason. Protestantism assumes such private judgment which is a pure fiction and selfish hallucination. As a moral monitor and personal director it certainly has existence and a full round of duties to perform, and as such Catholicity recognizes and respects it. The Protestant claims that in virtue of this faculty he is to determine whether the sublime mystery of the Trinity is credible and to what extent; the Catholic, acknowledging a higher teacher, uses it to discover in what way the Holy Trinity may, by him with his peculiar adaptibilities, be best worshiped. By the one it is employed to determine his belief in Christianity; by the other to discover his proper state in Christendom. Thus stands in contradistinction private judgment as it is engaged by the Catholic and the Protestant.

But to remove any uncertainity, and silence every doubt that might force itself on the Protestant's conscience, and to superinduce a false security, Chillingworth added a sweeping and monstrous postulatum. Not only did he assert the

perfect competency of individual self-direction in religious matters, but he further assumed that man is not responsible nor held to the slightest accountability for errors regarding the teachings of Christianity. This postil is, unquestionably, consistent with the theory upheld by the innovators of the sixteenth century, and must be received, either tacitly or expressly, by all who embrace the Protestant system of religion; but when carried to its logical issue it commits sad havoc on Revelation and makes the Atonement a mere condition, and not, as it must be from its nature, the pre-eminent cause of man's salvation. This position is pure theism, which is in itself only distilled Paganism, and now, indeed, when the progress of a couple of centuries has well nigh worn off the thin coating of Christian polish with which the fabricators of heresy covered their handiwork, the true and native hue of this religious compound is displaying itself. It is neither unusual, nor uncommon, in the present age, to meet people calling themselves Christians who know nothing, or next to nothing, of Christian doctrine, and who have no conception of conscientious morality. Believers without belief; Christians without Christianity! This is the inevitable logic and the common-sense issue of the Protestant theory. Nothing in thought or science is more self-evident than that any principle, theorem, rule, doctrine or discipline, that results in the negation of Christianity is not Christian, but much more anti-Christian and consequently diabolical.

As hundreds of thousands have received the notion that private judgment is a sufficient and salutory indicator of religious obligations, its consideration is, to any one valuing the salvation of souls, a serious question. It is such a question, or there is none so on this side of the grave. Doubtless, it is very flattering to human pre-conceptions to assert and insist on its full sufficiency under any aspect. There is no man to whom the writer would yield in his advocacy and constant assertion of this prerogative could he discover a warrant for it in the economy of Revelation; or its indicated provision in the ordination of nature. But as its tracings, in either the moral or physical world, are not discernible, its status must be determined from the hypothesis alone.

Pure, unbiased private judgment can have no existence in any stage of human life. Take the three customary periods into which a man's career is commonly divided, youth; the time of full vigor, and the period of caducity. In youth there is as guidance the tutelage of parents and instructors; in middle life, the imbibed principles of earlier years and the position into which they have thrust the man determine the mind's predelections, or they are abandoned, owing to reason or interest, for others; and in a state of senility the man lives in the traditions and habitudes of the past. It is not possible even to imagine a mature mind without bias of some kind: for it is in the very constitution of human intelligence exercised amidst a multiplicity and variety of objects, to set a different value on different things. In the most isolated, rude, and contracted state of Nature imaginable, as long as man lives on this earth he must feel, think, and see through the medium of sense; and so long as he applies those sensual faculties will he have his preferences and, however it may be disclaimed, his prejudices too. It follows then that if private judgment be the supreme umpire it cannot be of a colorless, nude and unimpressed kind; for such is not possible in a race that grows from weakness to strength, and passes, by slow steps, from infancy to maturity. There is an imaginary

state, into which man might be sprung by his Creator with powers of soul and sense just fashioned into perfection by Omnipotence, where undetermined private judgment as sole and all-sufficing-guide would satisfy and err not. But in this sublunary sphere, with its successive generations and peculiar aptitudes, an unswayed judgment cannot be. The assertion of such a possibility destroys that great truism of philosophy and ethics: "Man is a social animal." For unless man influenced man, receiving and communicating knowledge, the social ties were broken; and the intelligent human family dismembered. No one less hardy or less absurd than an idealist will venture to deny that in the ordinary human person there is the faculty of speech and a reasoning endowment. These are the links by which the individual is bound up with his particular community and with general society; and they indicate in the clearest manner that man *is* a "social animal;" and in consequence a being influenced by and influencing his fellows. A totally unbiased and undirected judgment, therefore, cannot be hoped for in experience or assumed in argumentation.

This is the Protestant rule of faith narrowed down into an investigation concerning, not simple unqualified private judgment, but the fact whether it is possible to find a judgment possessing as much inherent liberty as would suffice to prompt consideration anew of subjects once accepted, or rather impressed on the youthful mind by parents and tutors. That there is a love of truth inbred in the human intelligence is a thing assured, and may be regarded as a mental law fixed and invariable. But as other laws so is this likewise, in its force and direction, liable to perversion and abuse. A lover of his kind may be a hater of his kindred; and the universal philanthropist is very frequently a petty local despot. It is not and cannot be denied that divine grace can and does remove all obstacles which human ignorance or contrivance may interpose. There is, however, another consideration. Such conversions as that of the Apostle of the Gentiles, are not the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit. If it were so, then there should be no necessity for either Bible or Church, record or teacher. Any such thing as that individual illumination pretended by certain sects would render nugatory and aimless Christ's temporary mission in propria persona, and the ordination of the Apostolic College. The shedding of the all-saving Blood, together with the secret and mysterious visitations of the Paraclete, would be all that were requisite. The blasphemous logical consequence to which such an assumption leads, displays its essential absurdity. The Christian religion, therefore, does not grow up in the soul either spontaneously, by intuition, personal inspiration, or moral necessity, but must, in the usual course of spiritual events, be communicated in some way from without. Christianity is in no part of its contexture human, though framed to human capacity. In the development of the mind and body by the properties implanted in them not a single principle of the Redemption is ever evolved, or as much as suggested in a state of unregeneration. The reason is plain and easily intelligible; for those priceless gifts are not from below, nor from within man, but from above as it is written: "Every best gift, and every perfect gift, is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no change nor shadow of vicissitude." Jas. 1 cap. 17 verse.

The infidels of the age, not comprehending the nature or constric-

tion of Christianity, are clamorous, and as they think rationally indignant, over the efforts made by the Catholic Church to place youthful education on a Christian basis. They cry out that the attempt to impress the young mind with Christian principles is a virtual acknowledgement that those principles are not credible to a matured mind left to its own discernment. This sort of clamor shows, very manifestly, that the infidelity, which they advocate, had once had a Protestant chrysalis. In the Catholic system of Christianity it is not at all supposed that the placing the creed in the hand of the unbeliever will convince him of its tenets; or the delivering a bible to him to puzzle over will end in his conversion. Faith is a gift of God, and not at all a logical sequence; and, therefore, as all gifts, a thing to be guarded, cared, and preserved, by the possessor. If Christianity convinced men at a glance, as its opponents pretend it should; and as some misinformed Christian zealots profess; it would be hard to show reasons why its Author—Christ—lived and died amidst an unbelieving and hostile race, and that race his own: or why the red hand of the executioner was so often dyed in the pure blood of the martyrs. Such axiomatic Christianity had never an apostle; for there is no such thing. Christianity is a magnificent, though mixed power; in part intellectual and in part moral. Its composition of doctrinal tenets, and ennobling morality, encounters obstacles and hindrances from two very distinct sources—the intellectual weakness and the moral corruption of a fallen being. It is natural that the custodian of Christ's sacred deposit should select the most opportune moment, ere pride darkens the mind, or vice corrupts the heart, to impart its salutary and precious lessons. There is, therefore, neither want of confidence in the eternal truths, nor dread of mental acumen, in the method on which the Catholic Church insists, of imbuing the budding mind with religious teachings and practices; but there is in it superhuman prudence and celestial wisdom. Any other course would presuppose the necessity of converting every generation from youthful paganism; a theory for which no provision is made by the spirit, or precepts, of Christianity.

In communicating religious instructions to the growing mind, the absolute truth of the principles communicated is first impressed. This is true of religions man-made or heaven-made. Thus all motives of doubt are cut off, and all the avenues of investigation stopped up in early life. As long as the mind is governed by those principles it is by them excluded from all inquiry. In this state, which is normal to all persons born in Christian communities, there is no liberty for religious investigation, and the consequence is what we see—the great majorities adhering to the religion of their cradle. When the doctrines taught are true, and their Christian complexion undoubted, this tenacity is one of the primal virtues, and fecund of good and lasting fruits. Catholicity regards it as a natural grace and utilizes it accordingly; as is proved by the zeal with which the children of Catholics are trained and instructed. On the other hand this propensity dispels the illusion of any such thing as private judgment. It is ever true of the human mind that it possesses a faculty sufficiently discriminatory to embrace the veritable and reject the false, when both are fairly presented. The difficulty in private judgment is not with the mind but with the man.

God never intended or directed any manifestations of his high will to man, but such as came with sufficient evidence, either in them-

selves, or in their circumstances. But such as are manifest in themselves, are so to the universal race. Those eternal truths may be termed the dogmas of Nature; for they are written in unfading and unmistakable characters on the scroll of creation. Of such a kind are the evidences of a Creator, his wisdom and power. Supernatural religion re affirms all these natural dogmas; and adds others of equal value and infinitely beyond the human comprehension. But the mode in which they are conveyed to man is certain and of the highest guaranty. That those principles should be authenticated admits no question; for they rest, so far as man is concerned, solely on authority. Neither reason nor science, ignorance nor intuition add to their intrinsic and real credibility. The sole interrogation for those who desire Christian knowledge is: "Has Christ so taught?" In the determination of this question alone has the rational faculty of man a province in Revelation. It may not be in our every-day experience to behold thousands fed with a few loaves; nay, it is in direct contradiction to human notions of cause and effect; yet he who believes in anything like substantial Christianity, must believe this fact, although it asserts what human reason left to its own perceptions would pronounce an impossibility. The mind of man cannot be the measure of Revelation, for it had not a human source. But as the intellect and heart of man form the receptacle of Christianity, there must be some way by which its tenets are introduced into this receptacle.

Among those who hold to the Christian profession there is a radical divergence at this precise point. The Catholic maintains the necessity of an infallible living teacher, divinely commissioned and aided, to direct and instruct on all points and features of doctrine and morality: the Protestant asserts the sufficiency of the individual for himself in the like matters. It will, then, be a thing absolutely conceded by the rigor of logic, if the individual is incompetent, that a teaching church is indispensable to the propagation of Christianity. There are two modes by which it is possible to test the competency of the individual. The one a process which might be called *a priori;* and the other *a posteriori;* or in other words, the extent of human capacity and its adaptability to religious investigations; and the results to which the experiment has led.

Christianity does not come as a vision of the night over the human soul and rest thereupon; neither will the Holy Spirit whisper the secrets of eternity to the uninstructed ear. Other provisions, therefore, have been made for instructing the human race; or other provisions, not subject to human caprice and mundane revolutions, have been made; or Christianity would be a useless theory, and consequently no emanation from God. In point of fact this is conceded by all who hold Christian doctrines, a few obscure sectaries only excepted. There are three methods possible, man being what he is, by which God could have instructed the human race in religious tenets. He might have implanted in the rational nature of man the germs, to be matured by time, of all those supernatural truths; but this would preclude the necessity of an after-revelation; which alone demonstrates its absurdity. He might personally inspire each individual, which is false to the test, and would render the Christian system a mere human fabrication. And lastly He might have provided man the means of instruction in religion; which is alone capable of demonstration, and perfectly consistent with existing institutions, and

shown by experience. Of the manner in which such means have been provided is there any controversy among informed Christian people? Some assert that written records, sufficient to educate the individual mind, constitute the whole depository of Christian science; others that these records are incomplete in themselves, and that they require an expounder divinely guided for their exposition as well as their transmission, and the transmission also of tenets not contained, or but obscurely hinted at in them. It may be laid down as a veritable and unexceptionable axiom that any Christian policy that sustains itself by an "argumentum ad tempus," having no other foundation, is false and of purely human contrivance. All things essentially Christian must be co-extensive with Christianity and inseparable from it. As Christianity was given not to the Jews only, but likewise to the Gentile; not alone to the polite Greek, but also to the untutored barbarian; there must be in its constitution an adaptability to man, irrespective of the fortuitous adjuncts of civilization and literature. To the unlettered people of the earth, (and they form beyond all comparison the majority of the race,) written records alone are worthless; and hence it can be concluded, by just illation, that this pet scheme of some favored individuals, has not that universality requisite to anything truly Christian. Were it otherwise, Christ would have given to his apostles a command to teach first the knowledge of grammar, that the rest might come; whereas, he bids mankind: "Seek ye, therefore, first the Kingdom of God and his justice; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matt. 6 ch. 33d verse. As a universal method, therefore, the Scriptures committed to private judgment and research fails clearly, and cannot be defended as the choice and prime means of religious instruction.

The question then turns to its vital phase: Is it possible so to train a man that his judgment never errs in religious matters? We must suppose such a man left, altogether, to his own thoughts and musings, previous instructions and received principles. With all those helps and the habit and possession of the best systems of exegesis it can be, unhesitatingly, stated in despite of that fine hobby of a certain school —the theological instinct—that no man, in a private capacity and without a special promise of divine assistance, can vouch for the orthodoxy of his conclusions. The fact of the existence of a teaching church shows this; the following reason, drawn from the nature of things is conclusive in its own way. As all the relations between God and man are on the one side infinite and on the other indefinite, there will come occasions and occurrences where doubt can find a resting place; and as to the nature of which the individual has learned nothing. Many, who never clearly comprehended the necessity nor office of a teaching church, and who, whilst moral events follow the same path, are obedient to the instructions of early life, and seemingly in communion with that church, rebel against and disown the teacher when its decision regarding novel customs or practices clashes with their own fond, though false pre-conceptions of the same matter. Every century bears witness to this strange rebellion. The "Old Catholics" and Jansenists are merely the latest exemplars. Of them it might be stated, without the slightest breach of charity, that they never logically discovered the existence, indefectibility and obligating authority of an infallible church, and that they were Catholics only inasmuch as the doctrines they had been taught when children conformed them to the

tenets, ritual and discipline of the Church. Had they recognized in its plentitude the teaching Infallibility of the Church, their own theorizings would have counted with them as nothing in a case of antagonism, and they would submit without a murmur. That they did not do so simply proves that they were Catholics of the nursery and not of the intellect and heart. Such defections, more conclusively than the absurd and impious errancy of sectism, manifest the absolute need of a living, authorized and infallible teacher. Confidence in, respect for, and submission to such a teacher alone can keep a Catholic steadfast in the faith of Christ, and make a man consistent in his creed.

If it cannot be denied that the mind expands by experience and the acquisition of knowledge, it is not logical to maintain that the faith which, according to the theory of private judgment, comes through the mind's industry is neither increased nor diminished by the quality and quantity of the science gained. What is continually growing never reaches its maturity and has in it nothing fixed or stable; therefore, absolutely nothing that can be embraced as the ultimatum; and hence is sheer uncertainty. Christianity is worse than an absurd fable if it has in it nothing to present to the human mind but change, doubt and contradiction. As Revelation is inevitably thus reduced to absurdity and human folly where the individual usurps its interpretation, it is as manifest as truth can be to man that it was not so designed by its Omniscient Author. But if the man of religious training is sure to err, how utterly impossible it is for the man whose mind is either totally uninformed, or worse, misinformed, to extract from the sacred records anything like the true code of revealed principles!

Having learned the creed, or other formulary of belief, it is easy enough to search out textual corroboration, or what seems such to a mind prepossessed, in the Bible. But it is a physical, or rather constitutional impossibility, (which might have been laid down earlier in this paper,) for the human race, a few favored individuals through the centuries excepted, ever to possess so thorough a knowledge of the Scriptures that they can say this, or that, is contained in the Holy Book, and not amplified, abrogated or explained in any other part. To illustrate this matter, the relation of a little incident in the experience of the writer may be pardonable. It happened that he was present at one of those polemic encounters, between a Baptist preacher and Methodist itinerant, common in the Western States. The customary subject—Baptism—was debated with more fervor and rhetoric than sense and logic. The Methodist evidently supposed himself the victor; and with that strong quiver of the lungs and jubilant flourish of the arms, for which the exponents of Methodism have obtained some notoriety, bestowed the *coup de grace* on his opponent after this fashion: "Now, sir, having shown you that baptism is in all cases a necessary ordinance of salvation; in order to cover you with triple confusion I will add *Christ himself administered it*, as witness John, chap. 3, verse 22, (read from King James' version as follows:) 'After these things, came Jesus and his disciples into the land of Judea; and there he tarried with them, and *baptized*.'" The controversy closed and Methodist friends approached their champion to congratulate him; when the bays were suddenly plucked from his brow by a stranger hand. From among the audience an unknown gentleman rose, and requested the Baptist preacher to read for him John, chap. 4, verse 2, which, according to the same

version, runs as follows: "Though Jesus himself baptized *not*, but his disciples." The effect was magical; the tables were completely turned on the exultant theological gladiator of the previous moment.

The sufficiency of private judgment assumes always the prior acquisition of sufficient knowledge, which is a false and unfounded assumption. When the artificial aids of a Christian community are pleaded, the question at issue is abandoned; for the best constituted and most moral community is neither infallible as a teacher, nor indefectible as a witness. The customs, doctrines and predilections of any human body are as capable of mutation and renovation as those of the individual; and at a certain point more directly subject to innovation and change. The possessors of wealth, influence and civil consideration mould a commuuity at will, and whatever vagaries they pursue are sure to have a numerous following. Opulence, culture and political prestige, on which their leading and influence depend, are as variable and unsteady as revolutionary elements can well be. A collection of communities is in little more reliable as a teacher. The universal assent of mankind makes a moral certitude; not because they teach that a certain precept of physics or morals is true; but because the fact of their possessing it shows that it is derived either from Nature, or a higher source. Parties, communities, and nations, furnish evidence and not doctrine. Their evidence is more conclusive, owing to the difficulty of collusion in their testimony, than that of individuals. What may not be possible by collusion or intentional and studied perversion, is, however, sometimes effected by a similarity of interests or passions. The proud and overbearing nationalism of the Greeks and English forced them, at epochs wide apart, into something of the same relations with the Holy See. There was by no means a collusion of counsel; but there was an identity of pursuit which produced like results. The teachings of the church of all the Russias joined with the entire Anglican body—even were they not mutually antagonistic—are of as little worth as the conceptions of a single man; except that they could not so easily divest themselves, or rather, their communicants, of rites and doctrines learned before the perversion, and afterwards transmitted openly or secretly. Apostasy is possible to whole nations; and it has frequently so occurred. The famous exclamation of St. Jerome—"ingemuit totus orbis, et Arionum se esse miratus est"—demonstrates this, as well as historical facts. The great fallacy of Gallicanism—the necessity of acceptance by the universal church of any dogma, or moral decision, before it obligated the Catholic conscience—was only a little less pernicious, on account of its necessary conservation, than the constitution, by Protestantism, of every man as his own guide, teacher, and judge in affairs spiritual. An entire nation may have its selfish views, and beloved vices, as well as the individual.

The sad results to which the theory of private judgment reduced to practice has led, are almost incomprehensible. Religious errors and their logical consequences—infidelity and open impiety—deluged Christendom; and for a time bid fair to overthrow the monuments, and erase the vestiges of Christian civilization. The primitive turbulency, however, subsided when the convulsions of the inaugural struggle had overleaped specific and tangible doctrines. But once away from certain and assured dogmas, the way out of Christian morality was comparatively easy, though not a thing for

precipitancy. Pure morals are fast disappearing, or have already in all the walks of public life disappeared; to be followed, soon, by private and domestic rectitude. Not that infidelity, theism, or atheism, will supplant Christian truths. Infidelity is the forerunner of superstition as a vesperal crepuscule, or evening twilight, is of the night. Many people believe that a reversion to paganism is now impossible; yet it is clear that if man rejects the depurating truths and morals of Christianity, man must return to what he was before he received them. The world was almost pagan at the birth of Christ and will be pagan at the almost universal extinction of Christianity. When a deterioration follows upon the adoption of any principle, it is manifest that the principle is base; and therefore private judgment, weighed in the scriptural balance, "By their fruits you shall know them," is found deplorably wanting.

The balm which Chillingworth administered to the incertitude of Protestant minds, is worth examining. As a proem to the examination it is well to note that the sacrifice of Calvary is not a thing isolated—a complete act and nothing more; a purchase paid for all without condition. But it is the ending of the old, and the beginning of the new Salvation; the womb and grave of religion. As the old system stretched out its head over the successive centuries, having its promises and authority in an unfailing and confirmed hope, towards the Advent of the Messiah; so the new Revelation, chaining itself to the tree of the Cross and laden with the purchased treasures, hastens, with infallible faith, across the wide waste of time and gulf of futurity, towards the wreck of earth and dawn of heaven. Man is not absolutely saved; nor could be without either depriving him of one of the privileges of his existence, the power to choose right or wrong, and do good or evil—or God forgetting his attribute of Justice; i. e., without remodeling, in part, both Creator and creature, or, at least, altering their relations.

It is undoubted that if salvation has any condition, or conditions, necessary to its ultimate attainment, that, or these conditions, must be fulfilled, and to be fulfilled must be known. That there are conditions, and complex ones, too, is as plainly set forth in the New Testament as the Crucifixion itself. Moreover, as the Redemption was not partial, Christ dying for all men, Salvation which comes through it is likewise not partial, and consequently the conditions of salvation are alike obligatory and cognizable, and their fulfilment equally possible to all men. Otherwise the Pagan idolater and Christian saint are travelling, by opposite routes, to the same harbor. That there cannot be various and contradictory conditions, all producing the same results, and each leading to the same issue, is evident, unless the conditions are entirely unconnected with the principal object, in which instance all conditions would be supererogatory and meaningless, and hence not attributable to divine wisdom.

That faith and the injunctions of faith constitute the conditions of salvation is as true as the Scriptures. St. Paul has it: "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Heb. 11 chap. 6 verse, and St. James: "But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." Ep. 1 chap. 22 verse. It is equally true that nothing is the faith and morality of the Redemption but what was taught by Christ and his Apostles. Then it follows conclusively that before a man can attain to salvation he must know and comply with the conditions as far as

befits his state; that those conditions are specific and defined; for Christ taught his disciples special doctrines all harmonious, and not contradictory, which they communicated to their immediate successors for transmission to their representatives of after times; and finally that they are not incredible, nor beyond the intellectual grasp of any man, unless he blindly turns from them. If God compelled the mind of man and forced it to receive impressions and principles, then, indeed, man would not be responsible for his convictions and opinions. But man has an equal control over the mind as over the body. He cannot increase its powers, it is true; neither can he alter the properties of the arm. "And which of you by thinking can add to his stature one cubit?" Matt. 6 chap. 27 verse. The saving events of the Atonement are all facts and therefore admit of no theorizing. Mental speculation or fantastic errors cannot transform the miracles, acts, sufferings or doctrines. These must remain the same, though the whole world should recede from them and discard them. The truth of faith is the condition of salvation, as the inhaling of the atmosphere is the condition of animal life. Men can refuse both conditions; but forfeit, by so doing, the temporal life and the eternal. There is no injustice. No one can be found who would insist that the man who refuses to breathe ought to live; yet life is possible only on an unalterable condition—the sine qua non of animated existence. It is not at all harder that a higher life should depend on a like inexorable condition. Christianity has in this, as in other aspects, a thorough conformation to the general principles and constant laws of creation.

Men seem to hold that because God does not constrain them to believe, they will not be answerable for their incredulity. But such constraint, were it used, would rob man of his peculiar endowment. The Creator cannot be in any case inconsistent with himself, or his own work, which would happen, if he bestowed free-will only to destroy it by a compulsory faith. It was shown in former paragraphs of this paper, that private judgment is totally incompetent to the formation, or even preservation of a creed possessing the essential truths and precepts of the Christian religion; and now in the concluding ones, that man is justly accountable for his acceptance or non-acceptance of the life-giving tenets when they are presented to him. The conclusion from the conjunction of both departments of the argument is inevitable: "The Religion of Protestants," lighted as it is by the phosphorescent lamp of peculiar views, and a fatal hope of irresponsibility, becomes, when this ignis fatuus is extinguished by the sharp gust of reason, not "a safe way to Salvation" but a certain channel to eternal shipwreck and final ruin. Many a spiritual bark has gone down, lured by this false piratical lantern. Their fragments may be seen floating on every coast—"or a et litora circum."

Infidelity, immorality and discontent, like successive inundations, are covering the face of the civilized world, and the hour is come when we must rouse the Master sleeping serenely in the tempest-tossed boat, or be engulfed. Those who have gone out from the household of the Faith and the bark of Peter, find themselves wandering without light or pilot, on a starless sea; and drifting before "every wind of doctrine." One hope remains, one solitary refuge. Following the rebellious and perishing people; calmly and steadily breasting the mountainous and furious waves; a brilliant, and unquenchable beacon on its prow, shedding on the troubled ocean a flood of sav-

ing and gladdening light; comes the life-boat bearing the Master who rebukes the winds, and says to the sea: "Peace, be still." The Catholic Church is the same temple of safety now that it was almost nineteen centuries ago, for it has the sure promise: "Behold I am with you all days even unto the consummation of the world." The Christian world, as well as persons who still love and cherish the pure morality and holy faith "once delivered to the saints," may, then, send up to it this aspiration of hope and despair—"si je te perds je suis perdu;" if I lose thee, ah! I am lost indeed.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Welcome to Thee, heav'nly Stranger,
Gladsome shall Thy advent be;
Tho' Thy birth-place was a manger,
Nature saw her God in Thee:
Whilst Thy lowly home was wanting
All that earthly joys could bring,
Seraphs hymns of joy were chaunting,
Unto Thee, earth's new-born King.

In Thy stable birth-place lowly,
Angels waited Thy behest;
Whilst Thy mother, maiden holy,
Clasp'd Thee to her spotless breast;
Shepherds who their flocks were tending
In Bethlehem's lonely plains by night;
Saw the heav'nly host descending,
Filled with wond'ring, strange delight;

They their flocks left unprotected,
Wand'ring o'er the plains afar,
Through devious ways to Thee directed,
By Thy radiant natal star.
Wise men, too, with presents laden,
Jewels rare, and perfumes sweet,
From lands afar rich robes array'd in,
Came to worship at Thy feet.

And in adoration kneeling
On Thy happy natal day,
We like them to Thee appealing:—
"Turn not Thy sweet face away;
God and God-like, condescending,
As on the day that saw Thy birth,
Mercy, (with Thy justice blending),
Show unto us, sons of Earth!"

Lighten Thou the load of sorrow,
Ease of pain the piercing smart;
Let us hope and comfort borrow
From the love that fills Thy Heart,
Men's fierce passions all assuaging,
O'er the earth let discord cease;
The "better part" let man engage in,
Guided by the hand of peace.

A LOST PRIMA DONNA.

I.

"ONCE again," said the Italian *maestro;* and the clear, flexible young voice ran up one of Rossini's most difficult cadenzas, (around which clustered curious combinations of notes, like bunches of roses around a healthy stalk,) trilled, like a lark, upon high *Do,* and came down the scale with a clean and elegant finish refreshing to hear.

"Good," said the sententious master; "that will do for to-day."

His English was excellent, but he might have said "for this evening," for the twilight had fallen an hour before, and the lights were burning red against the windows that shut out the dark night. And quite a cheery contrast to the outside gloom was that warm, bright spot, small as it was, and up three pair of stairs. The open fire was reflected in the polished floor, as in a mirror; there were pretty rosewood desks filled with valuable music, and a vase of heliotrope on the grand Erard; while the high ceiling and dark panelings of the walls gave an air of foreign elegance to all.

The young singer sighed as she closed her *solfeggi,* gathered up the rest of her music in silence, and began to draw on her gloves. She was a girl of twenty or so in an Astrachan cap and rather an old-fashioned dress; her well-worn pelisse being by far too scanty to protect her against the inclemency of a raw November night. But her form was slight and lissom: and a glance at her face made one forget the details of her toilet. It was such an odd face, more remarkable for its force of character than for any actual beauty of feature or complexion. The latter was neither fair nor delicate; and her hair, which she wore very simply, was of a neutral brown. But the piercing grey eyes were softened by the longest and silkiest of lashes, and when a word or smile broke up the almost severe repose of her face, the expression was singularly sweet, and the firm chin revealed a girlish dimple.

The master had subsided into playing minor chords with his velvety touch, and seemed to have forgotten her presence altogether. She glanced furtively at him through her long lashes. He was in the prime of life, and strikingly handsome; a tall willowy figure in a faultless costume, and perfectly composed and graceful in every movement. His skin was a dark olive, lighted up by a pair of wonderful eyes that glowed at times, like burning coals, under his finely-arched brows; but his habitual expression was an arbitrary one. Albeit he wore his black curling hair parted in the middle, in true artist mode, no thought of weakness or womanliness could attach itself to the manly face it framed.

The last of her glove buttons disposed of, the young lady picked up her leather *rouleau.* On it was printed in tiny letters, *Marguerite Don Ivan.* She balanced it in her hands and walked to the door, then hesitated, turned back, and spoke with a certain nervous timidity:

"You have not told me the hour of the train, Mr. Cellini?" No answer. The minor chords had melted by degrees into the intricacies of a classical sonata; and the master's impassive profile showed *en silhouette* against a dark panel beyond. She tried it again, a little louder and with more formality:

"May I ask, Mr. Cellini, the hour of the train to-morrow?"

"What train?" questioned the gentleman absently.

The young girl bit her lip in discomfiture:

"The train that is to take us to Washington to-morrow, sir. Have you forgotten the concert?"

"True," said Mr. Cellini, still playing. But he said nothing further; and she stood at one of the pretty rosewood desks, and turned the music upon it backwards and forwards with the look of one who longs to speak but does not dare; and there was a silence of full five minutes more which brought him to the end of the adagio. Then, without even a glance over his shoulder:

"We leave the Baltimore depot in the morning at eight," he said briefly, and went on with his allegro.

"*Maestro!*" said the young singer, coming a step nearer with her heart in her eyes; "please let me sing the *Bolero* at the concert, instead of that poor little ballad?"

The master dropped his long slender hands upon his knees, and wheeled round upon his stool: and her heart beat faster and her color deepened at the expression of his face.

"The *Bolero?*" he said slowly, and then he laughed a short mellow laugh. "The *Bolero* from the *Sicilian Vespers?*" and he laughed again, eyes and teeth lighting up his dark face as with a flash of sunshine. "Miss Don Ivan, you are jesting."

"I am in sober earnest" (and her face glowed). "I know I could do it justice. I have practiced it day and night for a week, and Miss Lightwood says I do it like a bird."

"Miss Lightwood is a——goose," said the master, "and that also is a bird."

He was standing now with folded arms, looking at her across the music-desk, the amused smile still upon his face.

"But you will admit that she is a musician, that she has traveled in Europe, and heard the best prima donni of the world? Oh! Mr. Cellini!" cried the girl excitedly, clasping her hands and with a red flame burning in her cheeks, "say I may do the *Bolero* instead of that paltry *Robin Adair*, and I shall be forever grateful. If you will but trust me, you will yet have reason to be proud of your pupil. I feel within me the power to be a great singer. I have that within which — which ——"

"'Passeth show?'" added he; and the amused smile became a sarcastic one.

To his surprise she burst into tears. He looked annoyed and bored; shrugged his shoulders, and cast away the matter with a swift motion of his graceful hands.

"Miss Marguerite, you have vanquished with a woman's best weapon. It is the first time I have ever yielded a point to a pupil. You shall sing the *Bolero* instead of the ballad."

He lifted up a curtain behind the piano, and dropping it withdrew into an alcove where a cup of hot coffee was always waiting him at the end of the day's lessons.

Marguerite, through her tears, looked absently at the wall, and saw a picture there for the first time; a lovely little cabinet-picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. It was in oil, and exquisite in design and coloring; a gift to Cellini from a good Italian priest who sought his countryman's conversion. The sweet Saviour pointed to the glowing Heart upon His breast as if inviting her to enter, while pitying eyes and tender lips seemed about to speak the legend inscribed upon the margin: "*Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart.*"

Words and picture both together brought back to Marguerite the memory of a girl in an Astrachan cap

and a well worn pelisse, kneeling in the dim confessional of the Sacred Heart Chapel on just such a night as that, and hearing, between her bitter sobs, the whispered admonition: "My child, you will never be truly happy until you are truly humble."

How long ago was that? Months, and months, and months,—more than she (who had once been so faithful, who had tried so hard to please God,) could reckon on all the fingers of her shapely hands. She set her lips in a hard line; her eyes took a stony look as she crushed down the pleading remorse of an awakened conscience. People in positions like hers could not be saints. The paths of pride and ambition were full of thorns, but she had elected to walk in them, and in spite of bleeding feet and aching heart it was too late now to turn back. She dried her eyes and ran quickly down the staircase. At the foot of it a dressy woman, some ten years her senior, was keeping guard. Her face was as innocent of expression as a china doll's, and her flaxen *friseurs* and pink and white complexion increased her resemblance to that pleasant toy. She caught Miss Don Ivan in her arms with *empressement:*

"My sweet Marguerite!" and she kissed her on both cheeks.

"My precious Lightwood!" and the embrace and salute were returned with ardor. Arm in arm the two ladies stepped into the dark street.

"Some good fairy must have sent you to me," said the young singer squeezing her friend's hand. "I wanted so badly to see you, and you may guess about what."

"The Washington Concert?" hazarded the friend.

"Precisely; and you know you promised to chaperon me. We start to-morrow morning in the early train. And oh! my dear Lightwood, rejoice with me,—Mr. Cellini says I may sing the *Bolero!*"

"You do not surprise me," said her listener, "that is just as it should be; right, and proper, and reasonble. To come before a Washington audience (the *élite*, the very *crême de la crême* of the country) with such sentimental twaddle as *Robin Adair*—you, with your magnificent voice and your faultless execution,—why, my love, I knew in my heart that Cellini never would permit you to perpetrate such an insane act. Said I to your aunt when you sang the Bolero yesterday: 'Such sweetness, such expression, such facile finish,—I am free to say, it carries me back to the day when I was in Paris at the house of Madame Cinti Damareau and heard there the inimitable Piccaninni, the pupil of the divine Rossini who'"—

"Yes, yes, dear Lightwood," interrupted Marguerite, too urgent to feast quietly even upon this delicious ambrosia, "you are the truest friend in the world, and I thank you heartily for your fond appreciation; but time presses, and about my dress? You know I must be provided with a concert-dress."

"A very grave and important matter, but rather late in the day for its consideration."

"Granted," laughed the young girl, "but, you see, Cellini has so many whims I was not sure until this evening that the concert might not be postponed a month from date. Lily thinks I might wear my black silk, with flowers in my hair, and new gloves."

"Lily is a little foo-foo," said Miss Lightwood. "Black silk for a *débutante* at a *soirée*? Who ever heard of such madness? My love, you would look like your grandmother."

"But what can I do?" queried Marguerite. "Every cent I can spare goes to pay Mr. Cellini for my lessons, and times are so hard I cannot afford a new dress until next year; indeed, to be plain with

you, I don't see very clearly how I can pay for one even then."

Lightwood's flaxen curls trembled with importance.

"And who wants you to pay for a new dress out of hand? My child, there is such a thing as management. There is such a thing as elegant economy. And thank fortune! there are such things in the world as *modistes* who have the Christian charity to wait for their money, or take it in monthly instalments. I think I may say with certainty that I saw your new concert dress this afternoon."

"Where?" cried the *débutante* in amazement.

"At Madame Fitzeasy's, (a misfit of Miss Clara Cadwallader's, who, by the by, is just your height and make,) the sweetest love of a white gros-grain that ever you laid an eye on. Fitzeasy said I might have it for a trifle over seventy dollars, and I'm free to say I never saw a greater bargain."

"O Lightwood! let me think," cried Miss Don Ivan, pressing her hands to her head, the color coming and going in her cheeks.

"What is there to think about? The dress is indispensable, ready-made, of exquisite material, and will fit you like a glove."

"O! it is not that," half sobbed Marguerite. "Heaven knows I want a new dress bad enough, and this white gros-grain would be the very thing for the concert. (My black silk was one of Aunty's made over, you know, and ten years old if it is a day.) But the simple truth is, I cannot afford it. My music, choir and all, does not half pay me. Aunty works so hard; poor Lily, crippled as she is, is killing herself with copying; and as for Maurice—"

"Hang Maurice!" cried the homicidal Lightwood, "a plague take Maurice! Maurice, indeed,—always Maurice! Much the foreman in a foundry knows about proprieties. The man has not a soul above iron. He is not worthy of you, the dolt. He does not appreciate your genius, your glorious voice, your sublime ambition. Now if it were Cellini—"

"Hush!" under her breath, and the girl laid a strong hand upon her friend's arm, silencing her.

"Well, as I was saying," pursued the volatile lady, "there is the white gros-grain at Fitzeasy's at your own terms, and here I go up town to see about your gloves and slippers; and, bless your precious heart! mightn't I just as well kill two birds with one stone and order home the dress on my way?"

"Wait!" groaned Marguerite, but so feebly, so irresolutely, that Miss Lightwood either heard not or pretended not to hear; and away she went with an airy "*Au revoir*," and a kiss blown backward from her gloved finger-tips.

"Oh! you cruel, selfish girl!" murmured Miss Don Ivan apostrophizing herself remorsefully: "Oh! you mean and poor-spirited coward!" And looking up in distress of mind at the starless sky, she felt some drops of water upon her forehead, and realized for the first time that it was raining.

A gentleman passing with an umbrella, and looking keenly at every chance pedestrian, (as if in search of some one,) saw her face in the light of a street lamp and turned back to walk beside her. The light of the same street lamp showed him to be a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with a frank honest face, and earnest brown eyes. His chestnut hair was clipped close to his well-shaped head; but his dress, while exquisitely neat, was nothing finer than a substantial business suit.

"Good evening, Maggie," and he offered her his arm.

"Good evening, Maurice," but she would not take it.

"Your aunt and Lily were worried at your staying so late," said

his strong, even voice, "so I came in search of you."

"There was no cause for anxiety," she replied coolly. "Mr. Cellini gave me a longer lesson than usual this evening, in rehearsal for the concert; and Miss Lightwood only left me a moment ago."

He started slightly:

"Maggie, you are not going to sing at that concert after all?"

She evidently resented the reproach in his voice, but she controlled herself to ask:

"And why not?"

"I have already told you my objections to the matter," said the young man gravely; "reasonable objections which your aunt and sister share. But it seems your best friends have lost, of late, the power to advise or persuade you."

"One would think I was a child or a fool who could not be trusted," returned his companion bitterly (and she kept her face persistently turned away from him). "My 'best friends,' as you call them, have rather a curious way of consulting my best interests."

"And what are your best interests? Tell me candidly, Maggie, what good is the thing going to do you? What do you expect to gain by singing at this concert?"

"I expect to gain celebrity. I expect to make a name for myself, to establish my reputation as an artist; to win golden opinions from all sorts of men."

"And Cellini, of course, will pay you well for your services?"

How heartily she longed to cast back a triumphant assent to this humiliating query! But she dared not tell an open lie. Her head drooped a little, and her voice was lower:

"To be permitted to sing at all at Mr. Cellini's *soirées* I regard as a singular privilege. To be the pupil of such a master imparts a prestige which is beyond and above a mere question of money. And furthermore it is clear that I might go on singing in that stupid choir" (pointing to a church they were passing) "till my voice was broken and my hair turned gray, and I never would gain the éclat that one night's success before a Washington audience would give me!"

Her gray eyes flashed like steel, but were dimmed the next moment with tears, as she saw how reverently her companion lifted his hat in worship of the unseen Presence whose poor little temple they were passing by.

"And for this empty bubble of fame," he said after a long pause, "you will sacrifice not only your peace of heart but that of your home? You will turn your back on the friend you have known (and it is to be hoped) loved from childhood, and go over the world with this man, Cellini, who ——"

"Maurice Keating!" she broke out, her voice sharp with pain, "you shall *not* insult me! If I go to Washington to-morrow, I go under the protection of Miss. Lightwood, a highly respectable lady, whose reputation is beyond the shadow of reproach; and one who has been, in her day, the chaperon of some of the finest singers of Europe!"

A dark flush rose in the young man's cheek:

"You are well aware, Margaret, that I detest that woman. She is worldly and frivolous to the last degree. Weak as she is, and you a girl of such marked character, her influence over you is simply a species of fascination for which I cannot account. (Nay, hear me out, since you goad me beyond control.) She has bewitched you: she has enslaved you: she has alienated you from your home and friends. Her folly and flattery have transformed the once noble, sensible and unselfish Margaret Donivan, into the unreal and restlessly-ambitious *Marguerite Don Ivan.* Her work was complete when she made you a pupil of that Italian adventurer, Cellini."

Marguerite's face grew stormy:

"He is *not* an adventurer, Mr. Keating," she panted: "he is a finished artist, and a thorough gentleman, which is more than can be said of some of the friends whom I have known, and (it is to be hoped) loved from my childhood. My good Lightwood was right when she declared that you had not a soul above iron."

"You have said enough, Margaret," said the young man in a low, intense voice. "God forgive you for your scorn of a true heart! A foreman in an iron-foundry should not, indeed, sit in judgment on his betters. May your good Lightwood and your gentlemanly Cellini amply compensate you in the future, for that which I foolishly hoped might have been the glory and the crown of your life!"

They had reached the door of Miss Don Ivan's home. He quitted her abruptly, and strode down the street into the foggy darkness; and she entered the house without a word or a backward glance.

II.

Her aunt was setting the table for tea: a slender woman in shabby mourning, whose care-worn face was a faded counterpart of Marguerite's. The blast of damp air which that young lady brought in with her, set the lamp to flaring on an old-fashioned writing desk in the corner, and fluttered the papers over which a girl was bending. She was like a spirit, more than flesh and blood, that young copyist, so etherial in form, so transparent in skin, that it did not need a glance at the crooked spine to tell she was an invalid. Her pale face was full of purity and sweetness; her dress so simple, both in material and make, that Maurice Keating always said the wearer brought to his mind those old, old words: "Whose adorning let it not be the outward plaiting of the hair, or the wearing of gold, or the putting on of apparel; but the hidden man of the heart, the incorruptibility of a quiet and a meek spirit, which is rich in the sight of God."

No such holy or soothing words came to Marguerite, however, as she threw aside her things and sat herself down on a low stool by the fire. She was deaf to Lily's gentle. "What kept you so late, darling?" and the older woman's, "Isn't your dress damp, my dear? And had'nt you better change your shoes?"

She could only look from her aunt's threadbare merino to her sister's thin hand, in which the pen was trembling at its work, and think with horror of the white gros-grain at Madame Fitzeasy's, and the gloves, and the flowers, and the slippers, and all the rest of the folly. A few months back this had been the sunniest and sweetest hour of the Donivan day. Maurice Keating, glad to escape from the barren resources of a suburban boarding house into a loved and most congenial atmosphere, generally came to supper every evening; and bringing Margaret safely home from the last tedious music lesson, brought with him at the same time a fund of genial talk and cheerful laughter that seemed to fill the poor little box of a house with warmth and beauty. There was always some delicacy in his coat pocket for slender Lily, a bird or a jelly, a bottle of wine or a few hot house flowers; and after supper, when the poor tired girl lay resting upon the old lounge before the fire. Aunty and Margaret sewed or knitted, while Maurice read aloud some charming book. It would have been hard to find a happier or a worthier quartette.

Marguerite thought of it all now till her heart swelled within her, and her eyes were wet with unshed tears. To quarrel with Maurice and wound his noble nature was bad enough; but to go in debt in

such a mean, selfish, underhand way, without the faintest hope of getting out of it, was assuredly the bitterest drop in her bitter cup of retrospection. When her aunt called her to supper, she could not even make a show of eating. A sob kept rising in her throat as she sipped her tea in miserable silence; and a voice that welled from a bleeding Heart kept sounding ever in her ears: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest for your souls." Rest—rest—the rest that remaineth for the people of God,—the very thing for which her soul was hungering and thirsting. Rest—rest—sweeter than the balmy slumber of the tired child safe in its mother's arms, and pillowed close to its mother's heart; purer and deeper than the twilight repose of the weary traveler after his long days' journey, stretched on a downy bed, the hush of contentment on the cosy room, and soft hands bathing his dusty, toil-worn feet. Rest *for the soul*, (was Marguerite's thought), delicious, refreshing rest; but the words must be taken with the context, and the plaintive music of the promise, like phantom bells in the desert, seemed to mock her as she shrank from the hard conditions it imposed.

Her sympathetic companions reading her pale stern face, (without apparently looking at it,) suspected a lover's quarrel; and leaving her to herself, kept up a kindly dialogue all the while on homely topics. They knew her too well to harass her with questions. And after the tea-things were removed, Marguerite went to the old upright piano in the corner, and practiced the *Bolero* for hours.

It was only at bed-time, when she took up her candle to go to her room, that she nerved herself to make mention of the morrow's journey:

"You must call me betimes in the morning, Aunty, for I am going to Washington in the early train; and I have arranged to stop for Miss Lightwood on my way to the depot."

She did not look at them as she spoke; and it was never clear to her afterwards how she evaded Lily's inquiries about her dress; or her aunt's mild protest against traveling to the Capital, (as she meant to do,) in her best black silk. The half-smothered sigh that accompanied the words was not lost upon the *débutante*, for that sigh meant unpaid rent, and a grocer's bill, and a half empty coal-bin; but she said nothing about the expensive parcel awaiting her at Miss Lightwood's. What she did say was:

"I am too tired and hoarse to help you with the rosary to-night, Lily," and so went away up-stairs leaving her sister and aunt to tell their beads alone before the little crucifix in Lily's room. Long after the lights were put out and silence had settled on the house, she stole in her night-dress and with noiseless feet into that darkened room, and kneeling by the bedside pressed her lips gently to the pale face on the pillow. Lily was asleep; but the cheek that Margaret kissed was wet with tears; and the regular breathing of the slumberer was broken at intervals by one of those long shuddering sobs such as children give when, worn out with weeping, they lose all (save the vague memory of their griefs) in innocent repose.

To sleep after that was to dream of being dead and laid out in a white gros-grain silk which was all wet and blistered with Maurice Keating's tears; while her aunt and Lily shook over her what seemed at first to be showers of scarlet roses, but which changed as they fell into earth-worms and creeping leeches, defiling the whole of her curious shroud. So loathsome to her, in fine, were the waking thoughts of

her new and costly dress that she could not bring herself to look at it until the next evening. Miss Lightwood was with her then, and they stood together before a mirror in one of the rooms of a Washington hotel, making ready for the concert. That highly respectable lady, who had been in her day the chaperon of some of the finest singers of the old world, had taken her protégé (of the new) thoroughly in hands. She had powdered the young girl's skin and *rouged* her cheeks; she had penciled the naturally fine brows, touched the eye-lashes with some sort of an Eastern cosmetic, and built her hair into such a tower of braids and puffs and frizzles and flowers that Marguerite's *coiffure* was something rare and mysterious to behold

But unfortunately there was a drawback. The resources of the most adroit and practised of dressing-maids are but finite. Fashionable science can adorn but not create a subject; and when Lightwood had looped the last spray of flowers and secured the last hair-pin, dissatisfaction took possession of her soul. Marguerite's head was *not* a success. Human skill could do no more, it was impossible to dispute *that* fact; but it was equally as impossible to dispute another and much more stubborn fact (which almost deserves, from its astounding character, to be put into italics); Marguerite looked better, handsomer, yea, even more distinguished, in her own natural complexion and her own simple everyday *coiffure*, than she did in all this artificial bravery!

"If I took it every hair to pieces again, I don't think I could improve on it," said Lightwood, her head on one side, like a parrot, viewing the disappointing effect; "Marguerite, I have never remarked it before, and I am very sorry to have to remark it now; but, I am free to say, you lack *style*. When your combing-sacque goes off, however, and your new dress goes on, perhaps matters will mend."

And so Marguerite's snowy horror came to light at last, was lifted out of its case and shaken into a shining mass on Lightwood's arm. How it seemed to fill the room with its gorgeousness! The white slippers waiting their turn on the footstool, the white gloves on the bed, and the pearl fan and trinkets on the table, all sank into obscurity and annihilation before this piece of trailing elegance. Blistering tears, and earth-worms and leeches, what had they to do with such a fresh and lovely thing? and yet the *débutante* shuddered as it was whisked dexterously over her head; and the dressing-maid *pro tem.* (coming to the surface of her deep dejection) began to draw the silken laces. Then the loathing took a new form:

"O Lightwood! this is detestable!"

"What, my love?" and the china doll looked up, very red in the face from her unusual exertions.

Miss Don Ivan was still redder, a good honest substantial blush that swallowed up the *rouge*, and did violence to the powder.

"Look at this corsage—it is cut low, and shamefully low at that!"

"My precious child, who ever saw a genuine concert-dress with a high corsage? The thing is preposterous. Why there was the inimitable Piccaninni, pupil of the divine Rossini, as pure and modest a flower as ever bloomed on a stage, said to be a convent *éleve*, wore her shoulders so bare, (exquisite shoulders she had, I am free to say), that ——." "I don't care if a hundred Piccaninnis endorsed it," cried Marguerite hotly, "it isn't decent, Lightwood, and you know it as well as I do. I would sooner give up the concert altogether than go out on a public stage with my neck as bare as this!"

Lightwood stood with clasped hands and shoulders elevated, a picture of aggravating resignation:

"Well then, my dear, I am afraid the audience must forego that delicious *Bolero*. A thousand pities it is, when the dress is so expensive a one, and you have come so far to wear it, and may never in your lifetime have a like chance to display your superb voice to appreciative people. But that is not the worst of it."

"For mercy's sake, don't torture me!" cried Miss Don Ivan crossly. "What more are you keeping back?"

"Nothing," sighed the exasperating Lightwood, "only Cellini will be as mad as a hornet if you leave him in the lurch for a bit of prudery: and it will be *such* a triumph to that odious Maurice Keating. You will never hear the end of his 'I told you so's' and the rest of his humdrum platitudes."

Marguerite bit her lips till they pained her, and tapped the floor with the point of her slipper.

"Listen, Lightwood," she said after a pause, "can you not manage a *fichu* of some kind?"

"Haven't a single thing in the valise that would answer. A common article won't do; it must be real lace or something *recherchée* to correspond with the dress. And to go to buy it here in a strange city, and the clock on the minute of seven—don't talk about it!"—and the cunning chaperon elevated her hands and eyes implying that a *fichu* at such an hour, and under such peculiar circumstances, would command a more than fabulous price.

When Wolsey said to Cromwell:

—"I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels: how can man then.
The image of his maker hope to win by 't?"

he gave utterance to a sublime truth, old as the eternal hills, which bitter personal experience has made patent to all the sons and daughters of men seeking preferment, since the days when Adam and Eve ate of the primeval apple, that they might be as gods;—Has made patent to none more signally than to those who, not being to the manner born (and forgetful that he who exalteth himself shall be humbled), aspire to sit in the high places of the earth.

And so in her little measure and degree was Miss Don Ivan to gain the saving knowledge, a bitter personal experience (the agent of a divine will and the instrument of a divine grace) alone could bring her in her day and generation. She made no further remonstrance. She submitted in silence to be laced into the ill-fitting corsage by her adroit companion. She allowed herself to be turned about like a lay-figure in a *modiste's* window; gold buttons were screwed into her ears; the satin slippers pinched her feet; a necklace of pearls was fastened about her throat, and bracelets and rings were adjusted; and, at last, (the elaborate toilet complete), she saw her full-length reflection in the swinging mirror. Her nearest and dearest relation would not have known her.

The face was not her own, painted and powdered into a semblance of a wax dummy's in a barber's showcase; the form was not her own with its naked shoulders and arms, borrowed laces and jewels; and the dress was certainly not her own, for she had not paid for it, and alas! poor victim, she did not know (under heaven) when she ever *would* be able to pay for it.

She felt herself to be what she looked, false, false, false; from head to foot, utterly and supremely false; and she despised herself.

In the small dressing-room behind the stage she was met by Mr. Cellini. His first puzzled glance told her that he did not recognize her. The chrysalis had become such a very remarkable butterfly that the gentleman was not to be blamed

for himself. He recovered himself quickly, however, and coming to her presented her with a programme, and then kept near her, plying her with compliments and bon-bons, and even going so far as to detach some flowers from his button-hole and lay them in her hand. But there was an odor of wine with it all which the tuberoses and heliotrope could not cover. Marguerite's face burned with embarrassment. She felt humiliated, ill at ease; and, although her admiration of her master bordered on worship, she could not disguise from herself the fact that his manner of addressing her was a trifle more familiar than it ever had been before. Instead of pleasing her vanity, this, strange to say, inspired her with a certain fear, and she thought of her Aunt and of old-fashioned Maurice Keating with a yearning for their protecting presence that was positive pain. The brilliant eyes bending over her led her to droop her own upon the programme she held, and she began to go carefully over its contents. Then, indeed, the iron entered her soul.

Her master had said little to her on the subject, but from his significant silence she had inferred flattering things, and fallen into a fatal delusion. "The Washington *soirée*," (she had said to Miss Lightwood,) "is to have but *one prima donna*, and the name of that enviable being is Marguerite Don Ivan." Now, to her amazement, she read in the most desirable place on the programme "MADAME ETHEL COURTNEY VIVIANI, LATE OF THE ROYAL OPERA AT VIENNA!" The paper shook in her hands; but for the *rouge* she would have been as colorless as her dress, and in the faintness which came over her, (the result of excitement, thwarted ambition, and, it must be confessed, tight lacing,) she could scarcely see the obscure number which marked her modest name on the bill. She nerved herself to look around the room. Beside Lightwood and Cellini there were present some half-dozen men and women, all musical, all more or less engrossed with boxes of pastilles, their voices and their gloves. But none of those unassuming ladies could be mistaken for a moment for "Madame Ethel Courtney Viviani, late of the Royal Opera, etc." The star of the goodly companie had evidently not yet risen; *the prima donna* of the night had not yet condescended to appear.

Marguerite became aware that Lightwood was winking and nodding at her in a most extraordinary and mysterious way, and immediately put her hand to her head under the impression that some of the finery had got out of kelter.

"It is not that," whispered her friend, drawing nearer and talking behind her fan, "you look very nice and presentable, (although I might as well have let your eye-brows alone, and now that the powder has blown off, I see you are too sallow to wear white,) but I heard her in Vienna, and, I am free to say, she is perfectly exquisite and sings like an angel."

"Who?" questioned Marguerite, knowing all the while what the reply would be.

"Madame Viviani, the celebrated singer. Those people have been telling me all about her, and I *do* think it was mean of Cellini to show you such a slight."

"I don't see how Madame Viviani can damage *me*," said the young girl proudly. "A cultivated audience will understand at once. *She* is an opera singer, and this is my first concert."

"Oh! yes, but the critics are perfectly merciless, and they always favor those who have been abroad? You might sing like a seraph tonight, but you and your clothes are not imported, and Madame Viviani and hers are, and, I am free to

say, those newspaper men will pick you to pieces. I don't want to discourage you, my love," concluded the voluble lady, "but do you know you are a little, just a little—hoarse?"

"It is this abominable dress," retorted poor Marguerite, "I am fairly shivering with cold, and I left my shawl in the carriage because it was too old and shabby to be brought to the light."

"That is a thousand pities," said the chaperon. "I would insist on your putting on this opera cloak of mine, but I mean to slip into the hall with one of the gentlemen whenever your solo is in order; and it is really a very distinguished audience. I peeped through the curtain just now, and, I assure you, they are all in full dress."

"Miss Marguerite," interposed Cellini, bending over her again with that familiar smile she detested, "if you will give me this moment that little hand of yours, we shall go out now for our *duo*."

Like one in a dream (more like one in a nightmare), she faced that sea of eyes. All she saw was eyes—eyes—eyes, and a mass of silks, jewels and waving fans. Her long skirt tripped her twice before she reached the piano, and the awkwardness of her début threw a chill on the critical house. No one (who has not tried it) knows how very hard it is to walk gracefully down a stage for the first time, and face, simply and naturally, the fire of a battery of eyes. There is a difficulty (under such circumstances) with one's elbows and hands which borders on the insurmountable; and the victim (to borrow the words of a well known humorist) seems, in his embarrassed imagination, to have as many feet as a centipede.

Marguerite, in her turn, felt as if all ease and comfort had forever fled. With her first note came the consciousness that she *was* hoarse, and she grew blind with terror.

The duo was the familiar "*La ci darem*" from *Don Giovanni*, of which luckily she knew her part by rote; and the powerful magnetism of Cellini bore her along with an abandon and vim that redeemed her from destruction.

But the Italian's blood was up, the fame of the *maestro* was staked upon the success of his pupil; and the latter almost shrieked aloud from the gripe upon her hand.

It was hard enough for her to see that olive face bowing low to the audience at the final cadence, wreathed with smiles and melting with affected suavity; but it was simply terrible to watch it darken upon her the moment his back was turned to the people, and behold it secretly convulsed with arbitrary anger.

"I thought we were going to have a *fiasco*," he hissed between his clenched teeth (as the ghost of an applause followed them off the stage): "Miss Marguerite, you had better look sharp to your *Bolero*."

As well might he have told a blind woman to look sharp on the brink of a precipice; or a sleep-walker to take care on the dizzy apex of a dangerous roof. For, blinded and stunned, the poor young creature sat herself down in the little dressing-room to which he led her; and heard more than saw him tear the music of the unfortunate duet to ribbons and cast it from him; but before she could say to him what was trembling on her lips, an excitement arose around the staircase leading to the street. The door was thrown open, and a French maid in a peculiar costume preceded into the apartment a lady on whom all eyes were riveted at once.

III.

She was surpassingly beautiful, and dressed with a magnificence that was simply royal. Her skin was colorless as the petals of a

Calla lily, but the red of her delicate mouth, the golden brown of her large eyes, and the shining elegance of her blonde hair, made ample amends for her lack of bloom. She was not tall, but moulded most symmetrically. Her jewels were diamonds of the purest water; and the clinging crepe of her embroidered dress, and the simple coil of her fair hair gave such a classical charm to her form and face that poor Miss Don Ivan felt beside her, as a barn yard fowl might be supposed to feel beside a bird of Paradise.

Cellini and the other gentlemen immediately surrounded her; but she ignored them all, and dropping a white velvet coat from her still whiter shoulders, she seated herself deliberately in a chair near Marguerite, and put out her foot to her maid. The French woman on her knees proceeded to remove the beauty's shoe, and encase the pretty member in a satin slipper which literally blazed with diamonds. And then the other foot was put forth and the same performance gone through with equal results. And so, being daintily shod to her satisfaction, and her blonde hair relieved of a gossamer scarf, the elegant creature condescended for the first time to look at Cellini through her glass, and to extend to him the tips of her gloved fingers. The Italian figuratively laid himself down at her feet, and suffered her to walk over him. He devoured her with his wonderful eyes: he hung upon her charming lips: he showed himself so completely oblivious of everything and everybody, save her own sweet self, that Marguerite looked with profound amazement on his transfigured face. The pillar of ice was turned to a pillar of fire.

"My dear," whispered Lightwood in her ear, "he is evidently dead in love with her; and they say she is as rich as a queen. She was hand-in-glove with all the crowned heads of Europe, and the reigning favorite with the late Empress of France. But is it not time for her to sing her solo?"

"It is full ten minutes since the last piece: and she is next on the programme," answered Marguerite drearily.

"Bless my heart! and how perfectly composed she is! Look at her walking up and down with Cellini, and fanning herself—and the audience waiting! That necklace is what I call oriental; I'm free to say I never saw a purer set of brilliants. Some Caliph or Khedive, or some other old Begum of that sort, threw it to her in a bouquet when she was brought before the curtain ten times in the Egyptian opera. What is she going to sing this evening, any way, Marguerite?"

"It is marked simply *Ballad*," said poor Miss Don Ivan, who was shivering visibly.

"Now who'd have believed it? One would think her selection might be an aria, or a cavatina, or a—"

"—*Bolero*," suggested Marguerite grimly.

"To be sure," (not noticing the sarcasm) "something operatic or classical, or even elaborately ecclesiastical, you know. Only a ballad? And dear me, hear how she talks French one minute and Italian the next, as if she had been born in France and raised in Italy. There! she is going on the stage at last. My precious child, did you ever hear such an uproar in your life?"

It was indeed a perfect tempest of applause that greeted the appearance of the beautiful *cantatrice*. Miss Lightwood dragged Marguerite to the stage-door, and, (unseen themselves,) they could see Cellini lead the famous Madame Ethel Courtney Viviani down to the footlights which seemed to blaze up and burn brighter in honor of her ap-

proach. The applause subsided for a second only to break out with redoubled vehemence as the lovely creature stood alone in the centre of the stage, and surveyed the crowded house. Such exquisite coolness and *aplomb!* She might have been facing such throngs every night for a thousand years, for all the emotion the stirring scene seemed to awake in her. Was there no heart to beat, that the color of her creamy cheek never took the faintest blush, nor the golden-brown eyes the smallest dilation? She adjusted the diamond bracelets on her arms, calmly folded her graceful hands, and stood unmoved as a statue. When the house was so still that every man could hear his neighbor breathing, she slightly, very slightly, bent her perfect head and sang—*Robin Adair.*

Miss Lightwood pinched Marguerite's arm till it was purple; but the girl was too absorbed to feel it. The draught from the open windows, (raw, searching November wind,) beat upon her uncovered neck and shoulders; and Cellini rudely jostled her in the doorway as he applauded noiselessly with his gloved palms, and purred to himself in Italian. But Marguerite was lost to every personal discomfort. She was spell bound, mesmerized, chained hand and foot by the silver links of the blonde one's syren voice. Never had she heard anything like it before. Never had she seen anything like this marvelous repose, this perfect control of every nerve which made the fair with the golden hair so graceful a contrast to her frightened and awkward predecessor. But this was not all—ah! no, just Heaven! this was not all. Out on that brilliant stage, in the presence of that elegant and esthetic audience, the favorite of the crowned heads was singing the very song she (Margaret) had despised and rejected. The simple old *Robin Adair* without a trill or a cadenza, or a foreign flourish of any sort to mar its beauty. But the voice that sang it was so superlatively lovely, so easy in its extraordinary cultivation, so full of the rich aroma its owner had brought across the seas from the land whose every breeze is musical with song,—that the homely old ballad took a new and most pathetic meaning. The audience was visibly moved. Silly, overdressed misses forgot to flirt, and found a legitimate use for their airy *mouchoirs;* tears sparkled on the cheeks of worldly-faced women, and were suffered, unchecked, to water the dry dust of treacherous cosmetics; and even the keen eyes of practical merchants and the dull orbs of plethoric bankers and Congressmen revealed a suspicious moisture. Alas! for the listener who shivered unnoticed in the stage-door! The bitterness of a never-to-be-realized ambition dropped that hour, like burning gall, into Margaret Donivan's sore heart. "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity: save to love God, and serve but Him alone!" She saw Madame Viviani retreating from the stage laden with floral treasures, bouquets, baskets, crowns. The public enthusiasm had run mad and found a vent in flowers. She heard the call for the Madame's footman, which was answered by a colored man in livery who came to aid in clearing the boards of their fragment burden: while Cellini led off the triumphant *cantatrice* literally through a path strewn with roses. And then arose a rapturous *encore.*

"I'm free to say," whispered Lightwood, her flaxen frizzles (very moist and limp with perspiration) hanging over her brows, and her general appearance that of a much-abused doll: "I'm free to say, my love, in all my travels I never beheld a grander ovation. I can't take my eyes off her."

Neither could Marguerite. And

what she saw suggested a sick sultana lying back on her divan with a jewelled *vinaigrette* at her nostrils, and her maid fanning her with a sandal-wood fan. Nor were the slaves wanting to complete the scene. Cellini and a number of distinguished looking men (who had come in from the audience) surrounded the languid beauty, plying her with compliments in foreign tongues, and paying her homage as to a sovereign queen. And finally, after a delay sufficient to set the audience into a frenzy, (the applause thundering all the while outside,) the ex-*prima donna* of the Royal Opera at Vienna yielded reluctantly to the *encore*, and once more condescended to show her lovely face to her admirers.

Poor Miss Don Ivan sat like an image in the corner. Forgotten by her companions, deserted even by the inconstant Lightwood (who had gone over with the rest to the enemy), the poor young singer was only conscious of feeling very cool in her uncomfortable dress, only conscious of a desperate longing to rush out of it all, and get home as quickly as she could to Lily and her aunt. But that awful *Bolero* was yet to come. Cellini had never looked at her or spoken to her since Madame Viviani's entrance; and she began to take heart of grace that he, too, had forgotten her. Now, however, he stood before her with a mask of reserve on his face, and the long slender fingers twitching viciously at his moustache. The regal blonde put up her gold-mounted glasses and superciliously studied the situation. His manner was freezing:

"Are you aware, Miss Don Ivan, that your solo is in order, and that the audience is waiting?"

The poor girl's misery found a voice at last, but it was a very hoarse one.

"Oh! Mr. Cellini! please excuse me this evening. I am ill—I am nervous—I cannot, indeed, I can not sing that *Bolero!*"

A wicked light came into the *maestro's* stern eyes:

"I shall *not* excuse you," he said between his teeth; "the choice of the *Bolero, Signorina*, was your own. In spite of my better judgment you insisted on selecting it, and now, *pazzerella*, you shall stick to your selection. Come," and with his hand of iron stripped entirely of its velvet glove, the master led forth his pale and trembling pupil.

Once more the vision of eyes—eyes—eyes staring at her out of an ambush of silks and jewels and waving fans. The very sweetness of the perfumed air helped to turn her sick. Marguerite, losing Cellini's support (for the *maestro* had retreated again to the stage door), grasped at the piano, and steadied herself, literally to face the music. The hands beside her struck the keys—a florid prelude—then an awful pause. She was mute.

A hum of surprise began to pervade the house; *lorgnettes* were leveled at the stage, and the sublime indifference of the audience was broken here and there. The critics were growing restless in their toleration of this unknown singer, who lacked both style and prestige.

"Madame Viviani has killed her!" sighed Lightwood to a ready-made acquaintance, a youth of tender years in a dress-suit and lavender gloves, on whom she was wasting her platitudes and her pastilles.

"Pwe-cith-ly," lisped the gentle dandy.

"Oh! faithful friend, how true you are to your trust!" said a stern, even voice in her ear that made her shiver. But she failed to discover the speaker. The Nemesis was lost in the dense throng around the entrance door.

"Courage!" whispered the accommodating pianist to Marguerite, and he improvised a few more

brilliant bars. And then there came another pause more awful than the first, during which audible murmurs of "What does it all mean?" "I do wish she would hurry and get through!" "Aren't you dying to hear that sweet Viviani again?" penetrated even to the foot-lights.

"Go on!" hissed Cellini in the background; and in sheer desperation from Marguerite's dry lips burst a hoarse, discordant strain. Such a mockery of music! There was neither time nor tune to the song; and just below her, in the orchestra-chairs, a group of fashionable but ill-bred young ladies were shaking under her very eyes in spasms of suppressed laughter.

Could it be that all the wholesome air in the house was suddenly exhausted, and Marguerite was smothering in the dreadful vacuum? Could it be that the lustrous globes of the chandelier, above the stage, had broken loose in a crazy transport, and were rushing wildly down upon her head?

She crumpled her music in her gloved hand,—took a step backwards (unconscious tragedy!) in a blind dizzy way—and fell flat at the pianist's feet in a dead faint.

Then was seen the spectacle of a tall, broad-shouldered young man with a frank honest face and a pair of earnest brown eyes making his way from the entrance-door, like a strong swimmer, through waves of excited people. The genteel voice of Lightwood was heard to cry "Murder!" as the vigorous arm of the newcomer dealt destruction to the china doll and her amiable dandy, and leaving them *hors de combat*, Maurice Keating cleared the footlights at a bound and sprang upon the stage.

"O sweet pale Margaret!
O rare pale Margaret!"

She lay there like a marble statue of despair fallen from its pedestal; the broken and bruised flowers that were strewn all about her, (*débris* of Madame Viviani's triumph,) mute and fitting emblems of the crushed and broken victim of a blighted ambition. It wrung his very heart to look at her, so ghastly and corpse-like in all that glittering and detestable finery; but the hero of our story did not waste his time in useless sentimentalities or adjurations *à la Romeo*. He was eminently a man of action, as well as one of unpretending delicacy, and he loyally resented his maiden Margaret, his pearl, his precious one, being exposed in her hour of helpless humiliation to the profane gaze of those cold-blooded aristocrats.

With the grace and agility of a young Lochinvar he caught up the lifeless form of his poor wilful darling; and with that waxen face upon his shoulder, and the shining length of her snowy dress trailing over his arm, Maurice Keating bore away his prize. The dressing-room door stood open; Cellini and his satellites, the French maid and the colored footman, (to say nothing of Lightwood, *désolée*, and supported by her amorous stripling,) all pressed around him; but he scattered them right and left. To snatch from the elegant Viviani the glass of champagne she was about to pour into her stately throat, and to force it between the white lips of Margaret; to wrap his own warm plaid about the reviving girl, and to shut the carriage-door forcibly in the face of the astounded Lightwood, were works which few save Maurice Keating could have done as rapidly or as well.

But that wretched ride by rail that followed, the stout-hearted young foreman never forgot. The girl was burning with fever, and her strong lover was taxed to the utmost to keep her safely in the car; to soothe her out of singing snatches of that vile *Bolero* in her husky wreck of a voice; and to hide his manly emotion when she

pleaded with him in moving terms to send Maurice Keating to her, that she might ask his forgiveness then and there for all her obstinacy and pride.

Before noon the next day, Margaret lay in her own little white bed in her own little room, with her aunt and Lily watching anxiously by her side. It was an aggravated case of pneumonia. Disappointment, mental worriment, and the unusual exposure of her neck and chest, had done the mischief; and life and death had a tough struggle of it before her naturally good constitution, with the blessing of heaven, got the mastery. But her singing voice was gone forever.

"My pride is justly punished, dear Maurice," she whispered with a faint smile, (when that gentleman at his one hundred and tenth call was admitted for the first time to a peep at the pale and interesting invalid.) "The stage has lost a *prima donna*."

"But *we* have gained our Margaret, God bless her!" was the hearty response; and the speaker thought he had never seen his affianced look sweeter or lovelier than she did at that moment, with the penitent light in her eyes and the peaceful smile playing about her lips.

It was her first venture at sitting up, and they had ensconced her in the big easy-chair in Aunty's room; and Lily had made her quite gay with a scarlet woolen wrapper and a breast-knot of Maurice's flowers.

She touched them with her thin hand, and the gray eyes were turned brightly on the young man:

"Your 'roses blossom the whole year round,'" she said to him, with a glance at the Christmas frost on the window pane.

"Heaven grant that they may, and that the longest-lived of all my flowers may be my sweet Queen Margaret! They have not told you my secret, dear, but God has been very good to us. The iron men have taken me into the firm this week; and I have the prettiest little nest in the world making ready for my sick bird. As soon as you are strong enough to go to church, Daisy, we will get married like old-fashioned folks, and settle down to housekeeping."

"I am not worthy of you," she said very humbly, and with moist eyes.

"Say rather I am not worthy of *you*," returned he, much moved and shading his face with his hand; and there is no telling to what length these mutual self-depreciations might have gone, if Lily had not burst into the room at this juncture in a state of such unusual excitement as to startle even Aunty, who, worn out with nursing, was dozing over the fire. Her usually pensive face was radiant with smiles, and she made a show of hiding something in the folds of her apron.

"Miss Lightwood has just been here with a message," she cried merrily.

Maurice's pleasant face was clouded, and the blood rose brightly in Margaret's transparent cheek.

"You need not look so cross, young gentleman," said Lily, not at all dashed at her reception; "it is all so funny, and so nice, and so romantic, that I know you will laugh instead of frowning when you hear the whole of it. *Voila tout!* Mr. Cellini is to be married at the Cathedral, to morrow morning to some Madame Vivi—Vivi—(bless me! what *was* the name anyway?) ah! yes, Viviani, Madame Viviani; and Miss Lightwood goes to Europe with them, right after the ceremony, as companion to the bride."

"I am free to say, *Deo gratias!*" murmured Maurice under his breath.

"You would have pitied the

poor old soul if you had seen her," pursued Lily, trying to straighten her smiling face into a sympathetic expression ; "she was all tears and remorse over Maggie's narrow escape, and she really showed a depth of feeling for which we did not give her credit. She is desperately afraid of shipwreck on the high seas, and she left all sorts of loving adieux for the entire family, not even forgetting her ancient enemy, Mr. Maurice Keating," and Lily courtesied in his direction.

"May every blessing go with her," said that gentleman, with a very serene and sunshiny face ; "and may she enjoy the delights of the old world so thoroughly and so supremely that she may never be tempted to return to the annoyances of the new. But what are you hiding in your apron, pussy ?"

"Ah ! that is the best of it," and Lily crossed the room and knelt by her sister, looking up into her pale face with eyes brimful of tenderest affection. "Maggie dear, Mr. Cellini is also very, very sorry for his share in your sufferings, and he has sent Lightwood expressly to say so, and to present you in his name with this little token of his lasting regret."

She threw aside her apron as she spoke and held up before them all the lovely little picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus which Margaret had seen in the *maestro's* room the night before the fatal concert. Once more she beheld the sweet Saviour pointing to the glowing Heart upon His breast as if inviting her to enter into that sanctuary of love and peace : once more the pitying eyes and tender lips seemed about to speak the words inscribed upon the margin : "Learn of Me for I am meek and humble of heart ;" and *this* time (thanks to His patient and persistent mercy !) she did not reject His inspirations, she was not deaf to His pleading whispers. The happy tears were shining in her eyes as she laid the gift in her lover's hands.

"Meek and humble of heart," she said softly looking up into his face, "and only God and my confessor know how full *my* heart has been of anger, and pride and obstinate ambition. O Maurice ! how much I have to learn before I shall find rest to my soul."

"We will study the lesson together, dear love," was his grave and gentle answer ; "we will go like little ignorant children, day after day, to learn in that sacred School : and surely at last when we ask the Master and His holy Mother to bless our humble wedding-feast, He will not refuse to change the water into wine, but will draw us closer and closer to Himself, and make us thenceforth the faithful servants of His meek and lowly Heart."

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

HOW THEY LIVE, AND HOW THEY DIE.

The artists of Rome! What romance! What poetry! What a spiritual life they must lead, and what a life of indescribable happiness is that which is spent in reveling among the old masters who still live in their *Cristos*, their *Virgins*, their *St. Jeromes*, their *St. Johns*, their *Moseses*—among the old architectural beauties which stand forth, the imperishable monuments of Bramante, Raphael and Michael Angelo, among the old things of Rome, her gigantic ruins, lit up by a bright sky, so limpidly and deeply blue, so cloudless! To people who are engaged in battling with the stern realities of life, the artist's life in the Eternal City seems to be that of an order of beings who live, not in the body, but in the soul, not on earth, but in vision's land—whose meat and drink is in conceiving and creating, who never sleep, but to have visions, who are not supposed to die, but only to fall asleep over a master-piece. What do they know about politics, and fashions, and high prices, about rents and debts, about passions, in a word, about the troubles of life? Their world is their studio. They are Melchisedecs, every one of them, without father, without mother, beings that appear to us before the canvas, or the marble, and then vanish, we know not whither. And when we come abroad, and make the acquaintance of some of them, and discover that they are flesh and blood like ourselves, nay more, that there is such a thing as nationality among them, romance is still associated with them, for we never see them outside of the studio. It never occurs to us that they have what is called "private life," and many of us return to our country, still possessed with the original idea, that the life of an artist in Rome is very romantic and spiritual. So it may be, but he is not conscious of it. He has many hard realities to contend with. The artists of Rome! Poor fellows! Poor, unromantic mortals! We can associate worlds of romance with them, but they in themselves feel the pangs of hunger and thirst like other mortals, they go to bed tired and disheartened at night, and rise in the morning with the uncompromising reality before them that they must struggle to live.

Between the native and foreign element, the artists form no inconsiderable portion of the population of Rome. Of the native artists we shall say nothing. They are among their own, and they live like their own. But we will speak of the every-day life of those artists, who have left home and country, to devote themselves to their art in this great Nursery of the Beautiful. Every nation of Europe is represented by them, and America has contributed largely for the last quarter of a century. We shall not take upon ourselves the task of speaking of the artistic merit of any particular artist, or of the artists of any particular country. Every country represented here in Rome, has been, and continues to be, creditably represented. We shall speak of them as they are, *rich*, "getting along," and decidedly poor. In speaking of the artist who has amassed a fortune, we are far from intimating that he is necessarily a great artist, or *vice versa*, that the artist without means is also devoid of genius. Genius is unquestionably lodged in some of fine apartments of the well-to-do artists of the Eternal City; but she also starves in the attics, tenanted by poor fellows who never get an

order. The artists of Rome may be divided into three classes. There are those who are turning, or who have turned, the corner, financially. There are those who have a glimpse of the financial corner, and who may be defined as "getting along." Finally, there is a little band of artists, who live in quiet, out-of-the-way places, whose studios are rarely visited by wealthy tourists, who never receive magnificent orders, and who live, God and a few friends only know how.

The wealthy artist has his studio in the *Via Margutta*, or in *San Nicolo in Tolentius*. If he be a sculptor, his studio is large and spacious, divided into several compartments, each of which is well filled with busts in marble and *gesso*, statues and bas-reliefs. Occupying a prominent position, you will see the "Blind Girl of Portici," the "Sappho," or the "Sleeping Infants," which made the artist's reputation and fortune. A rich tourist admired either one or the other some years ago, left an order for a copy in marble, and then went home to his own country, whence in good time other orders came, and finally the nation itself ordered a "public monument," and brought the artist "out." He studies now, not for a living, but for fame. He has several hands employed in rough chiseling, and he himself in the meantime can always spend an hour with a friend over a friendly bottle. He has a snug little apartment in the *Via Sistina*, or in the *Babuino*. takes his coffee at the *Café Greco* in the *Condoth'*, has his lunch sent into the studio at noon, and dines sumptuously with a friend at Nazarri's or Spillmann's. He has a sideboard in the sanctum of his studio, and can afford to be hospitable to a friend. If his studio be any distance from his lodgings, he rides there in a cab, and has the same convenience returning home at night. Perhaps he is married. In this case he becomes still more popular, because his wife gives charming receptions once or twice a week, and entertains her guests most agreeably. About Christmas time or New Year's, he gives an evening entertainment in his studio. It is tastefully festooned with evergreens, well lighted and well heated, and what with the statuary, or paintings, disposed in pleasant relief, and a band of Roman minstrels with their guitars and mandolins, the studio seems a little fairy land. All this seems to be really romantic. It may be to others, but though the artist has turned the financial corner, he has his troubles, nor can devotion to his art remove them. Far be it from us to enter into a detailed account of the petty little jealousies and rivalries which sometimes disturb the peace of mind of some of the most talented artists. The greatest geniuses the world has ever produced were not impervious to the attacks of envy. The story of Michael Angelo and the "Boy Raphael" is well known. Both were geniuses, mighty geniuses. Both knew it, yet each was unhappy in the thought that the other might be his superior. Strange too, that the elder, and perhaps more gifted of the two, should be the more jealous! An all-absorbing jealousy worked within Michael Angelo, when the world thought him lifted out of himself in the sublime conception of the "Last Judgment."

Perhaps the happiest, and most really romantic artist of all, is he that is just getting along. He has just had enough of success to whet his appetite for more, and not too much to give him cause to be disturbed with the thought that some one will dispute his reputation. He is full of hope for the future. Visions of fame and consequent prosperity are ever floating before his eyes, and his modest studio is the happiest nook in the world to him.

The very walls seem alive with inspirations, and when his increasing orders necessitate a removal into a more spacious studio, he leaves the old sanctum with a sigh, and is troubled lest perhaps he has taken leave of his happiest inspirations. You will find a good number of artists of this class at the *Cafè degl' Artisti*, in the morning and evening. Let us follow one of them through the day. He indulges in a cup of chocolate or coffee, and a penny loaf at the Cafè, and then hurries off to his studio, smoking a cigarette on the way. He is a painter, and has been working on a "*Judith*" for some time. He meets a "model" at the junction of *Capo le Case* and the *Via Siotina*, and laughingly informs her that he has no need of her to-day. Whereat she looks disconsolate, and as he puts it, "pouts too much for Judith." Two francs for previous settings reconcile her to her fate, and he wends his way to the *Via della purificazime*. Away up on the top story is his little studio, bedroom and reception-room, all in one. A screen hides the bed, and while he was out for his coffee, the old woman, who does the chores, put the room in order. He carefully takes the veil off the unfinished picture which stands on the easel, and then retires a step or two to contemplate it. The face is that of the "model" he met outside—a southern beauty. "Too soft for a Judith—I don't like your mouth —ah!" He has merely touched the lips nervously with his brush, as if trying the effect of a little shade, and he has caught the expression he dreamed about. And then he begins to dream anew, working with his brush all the while. About twelve o'clock, he stops to look at the picture, and he seems very much perplexed. He is trying to get the listless roll of the eye in the head of Holfernes, and the last stroke of his pencil gave the general a black eye. He drops the *palette*, puts on his hat, and walks out into the street, looking like a man who had come to some very important determination. Through the *Piazza Barberim* and down the *Via Tritone* he passes, not noticing anything or anybody on the way. In the *Via dell' Angelo Custode* there is a small hole in a wall of houses, which bears a distant resemblance so a door. Over this aperture the passer-by reads the following: "*Spaccio di vino, con cucina excellente—all' antica persianetta*"—Sale of wine, with an excellent kitchen at the old window-blind. Under this announcement stands a rooster, with one leg thrown stiffly in the advance, and a very scarlet comb, standing erect, the which is indicative of the exhilarating and rejuvenating effects of the wine sold at the "Old Window Blind." One step brings you into the establishment, and one glance covers all. The room, into which you are introduced, is about twelve feet square. A sort of cooking range is let into the wall at the left of the entrance, and there stands *Tota* (the diminitive of Antonia,) turning a spit, upon which divers birds and bits of meat are impaled. At the entrance of our artist friend, Tota turns round. She is a woman of about forty. Her hair is black and wavy, modestly parted in the middle, and plaited into a roll behind. Just a gray hair or two makes her look matronly. Her eyes are large and dark, yet full of light and good-nature. A fine full face, ruddy with exposure to the fire. She wears a snow-white jacket, closely buttoned at the neck and wrists. Her hands are white, plump and well-kept. The table in front of her is filled with raw beef-steaks, cutlets, fowl and vegetables. A closet in the wall is just large enough to hold two wine casks, the spigots of which are always visible—one contains white wine, the other black wine of

Velletri. Light and air have no other entrance, but that intended for customers, the door. Yet it is not an uncomfortable place to be in. There is a pleasant odor of reeking hot steaks and onions pervading the room, with just the slightest perceptible odor of garlic. Our friend takes his usual seat at the long table in the corner. He gives no orders. Tota knows her customers' tastes. A small bird, some salad, a *pagnotta*—penny loaf—and a bottle of black Velletri wine are placed before our artist. "I would have liked a beefsteak," said he. "You cannot have any to day—beefsteaks are for people who have black eyes." "And I have one at home," quoth the artist, thinking of Holofernes. "Aye, a pair of them," replies the happy hostess, thinking of the "model." "You are in good spirits, Padrona mia, and one works well after having seen you. But if all my black eyes were as lightsome and pretty as yours, my brush and I would never quarrel." Tota manages not to hear this speech, but greets the German sculptor who has just entered, informing him, very pleasantly, that *oggi non c' é trippa*—no tripe to-day. *Heilich Himmel!* No tripe! "Haben sie *fegato?*"—Got any liver? Yes, there is liver and the Teuton looks appeased. Who can be angry with such a good-natured, good-looking, easy-going and forgiving creature as Tota? And now, several artists enter, most of them looking as if they would devour the great iron spit itself. But to see the artists in their glory, one must drop in at the "*Persianetta*" after the *Ave Maria*, or at the "*Gabbione*"—the cage—near the old Fountain of Teevi or at Karlin's in the Quattro Fontane. The strangest orders are given. Our friend of *Judith* has fresh water-cresses, raw onions sliced in vinegar, a steak and the usual quantity of Velletri wine. The German has tripe—tripe *alla Romana* is a savory dish—potatoes, fried in tomato sauce, and a bottle of Marino wine. At the *Gabbione*, a time-honored institution, conducted on the same informal system as the "*Old Window Blind*," each artist walks up to the kitchen table, and selects his own steak raw. Many of the artists object to Karlin's, because they never see the cook at work. We know of one artist who has never dropped into Karlin's since he removed his establishment from the old tumble-down house, on the corner of the *Via Felice*, to the magnificent restaurant on the *Quattro Fontane*. "Karlin has a new cook now, and how can I be sure that he don't take snuff, and that he washes his hands. I shall stick to the *Gabbione*, the steaks are divine—only, I wish they didn't believe in baptizing the wine." Tota, however, never puts water in the wine, and, on the whole, her cuisine can defy competition. These remarks are being made while the artists dispose of their evening meal. During that performance, they have anything but the *spirituelle* look which we associate with the lovers of art. They look quite mortal, and if you remain long enough in the *Persianetta* or the *Sabbione*, to hear them talk over their pipes and cigarettes, you will hear them express their views upon men and things, just like other men. While the wine and tobacco lasts, they are a cheerful set. After that, the question is, "Where shall we go to spend the evening?" We hear a a few English-speaking artists express themselves in the following manner: The Hôtel d' Orient is proposed by one. "No," says another, "I shall not go there to-night; I had punch enough last night. Suppose we go to the Greco (Café) and see who is there." Another proposes to go to the *Café degl' Artiste*, and another to *Jacobini's* cellar, and have a flask of Gen-

zano wine. This proposition is accepted, and thus the evening is disposed of. We hear of associations of women being organized in England and America for the purpose of evangelizing the natives of Rome. An association for evangelizing poor, uncared-for artists would be more useful. And when we speak of evangelizing them, we don't mean to have the gospel preached to them by the distribution of bibles. Let them be cared for socially. Let them have some place where they can spend a quiet, happy evening, instead of the Cafés and wine-cellars of Rome. Let them be thought of, not as they are in their studios, for there they have employment. We have heard of a lady who came abroad with the intention of establishing a sort of a home for foreign artists, in which they would be well cared for, and amusement provided for their evenings. Such an establishment would be a blessing. The long winter evenings are the dread of the artist's life. He cannot always remain in his garret, he must commune with some one, and the poor stranger has no friends, no acquaintances, save those he meets in the Cafés. The artist is mortal, we repeat. He is social by nature. He cannot always commune with the ideal beings on the canvass, or in the marble. Seek him out then, when he leaves his studio. Bring out his social qualities, and when you have secured him, preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified to him. Religion is only a name with many of the foreign artists in Rome. It has not even as much reality as their own creations. They need evangelizing very much. Not because they are a wicked, dissolute set, but because they are indifferent. Most of them endeavor to be virtuous, with a vague notion that it is proper and becoming in a man to be good. But they are not actuated by a higher motive.

We now come to speak of the life of the poor artists in Rome, and we do so with the most profound compassion and affection. The poor artists of Rome form a class of beings who subsist chiefly by copying the works of the great masters in the picture galleries. It was not contempt, but a vague feeling of sympathy, which prompted the appellation applied to them, "*Poveri diavoli*,"—poor devils. You never see many of them together at the regular haunts for artists. The poor artist takes his morning coffee at some out-of-the-way Café, where the price is a *soldo* less than at the *Greco*, and if you observe him on his way to one of the galleries, say the *Borghese*, you will see him step into the baker's to buy a *pagnotta*, and then stop at a fruitvender's and invest another soldo in a bunch of grapes, or an apple, or a pear. Such is his lunch, and not until evening does he give himself the luxury of a meal. Whenever Tota beholds one of these weary, poverty-stricken copyists enter her establishment, she always makes it a point to wait upon them herself, for she knows that a kind word will bring a smile to the pale, sickly face. She is so accustomed to their ways and manners, that she can tell from the orders they give for the evening meal, whether they have sold a copy during the day. It was at Tota's, we first saw poor Königsberger. He didn't seem to know any one; no one knew where he lived. How he lived, through certain months of the year, was a mystery. He was infatuated with the *St. John* in Raphael's *Deposition* of the Borghese Gallery. He spent his days in copying the "Beloved Disciple," and sooth to say, his copies were lovely to behold. But he was so quiet, so retiring, so shy of observation, that he rarely attracted the attention of visitors in the gallery. Now and then an ardent lover of

painting would stop to observe his copies, and make an immediate purchase, or order a copy. The general rule is, that the poor suffer most in the winter season. But the poor artist starves in the summer months, when the visitors are few, and he is left to the mercy of the picture-dealers of Rome. Mercy! You may sometimes meet a pawnbroker, whose heart is not all flint. But the picture-dealer of Rome has no heart at all. He has an adamantine principle of life within him, the centre of the circulation of the blood; nothing more. He has no sentiment but one, an all-devouring greediness to grow rich.

We have known a lovely picture —a campagna scene—to have been bought from a poor artist for the pitiful sum of one hundred francs, and sold for *four hundred and fifty!* It was upon sharks like these that poor Königsberger lived in the summer months. He took what they offered for his copies, and was too sweetly meek, aye, and oftentimes too hungry to refuse. At the end of a long, scorching day in July, he would come to the *Old Window Blind*, and modestly order two eggs, a little salad, and a *quintino*—about half a pint—of wine. Tota would argue immediately that his funds were on the ebb, and instead of eggs, brought him a generous portion of cold veal, and a whole measure of wine. "But" —he would begin—"Never mind, tu hai fame," was the reply—Thou art hungry. At the reckoning, Tota enumerated on her fingers, "eggs, six soldi, salad three, wine three, bread one—*tuto* thirteen soldi," looking roguish and kind all the while. As the artist walked out he looked thankful, but Tota thought he looked weak too. She stood in the door of the *trattoria*, and watched the quiet lonely figure, as it moved down the *Angelo Custode*. Turning around quickly, she said to the garçon *Torno presto*—I'll be back immediately—and followed the artist. He passed the fountain of Trevi, and turned up the dark alley behind the church of San Vincenzo and Anastasio. Many a poor artist in Rome lives in an alley like that; but not all are followed by a good angel like Tota. She merely waited to see him enter a doorway, and then retraced her steps.

So the artists live. As they live, so they die. Death overtakes many of them in Rome. We have stood by the death bed of three of them. One was an angel in the flesh. He lived to be over eighty years of age, and more than sixty years of that life were devoted to his art. He was a painter who still lives, and will live forever, in the masterpieces which honor the Eternal City, his adopted home, and many cities of Germany. His was a pure soul, in which the fire of genius burned brightly. His conceptions were mostly on subjects taken from mystical theology. He was a Catholic artist, and when we say that his brethren called him the "Modern Raphael," need we mention the name of Overbeck? We saw the patriarch five minutes after he had fallen asleep—in the Lord. He had served mass and received Holy Communion that morning, as he had done every morning for years back, and then he sat down at his easel. He was at work on one of a series of pictures, representing the different phases in the life of a Christian. This one was a Christian marriage, at which Christ gave the blessing. About noon a chill came over him, and he lay down on the low bed in his studio. Then he said to his adopted daughter, "my hands are growing numb. I wonder can I use them. Give me a crayon." She handed him a crayon of charcoal, and a bit of brown paper. He drew a trembling line on the paper, such as the unsteady hand of a child would make, and

sank back, his body upon the bed, his soul into eternity.

Another was what his fellow artists called, "a good fellow." Indeed, there never was a more kind-hearted and good natured soul than poor Radford. He was an English sculptor of rare abilities, and always had plenty of orders. He was kind and affable to every one, but towards none was he tenderness and paternal sympathy itself, more than to the young artist, just beginning life in Rome. He would traverse the Eternal City to find a suitable studio and lodgings for the young stranger, and afterwards would drop into his studio to see how he prospered. Whenever he gave artistic advice, he did so in the most informal way. For instance, if the ankle of a clay model of a Roman senator were disproportionately large, he would simply say, "Tom, I'd shave his ankles a bit, if I were you." Radford hadn't a fault but one—"He didn't take care of himself." So, he fell into consumption. First, he was not able to go to his studio every day. Then he could not leave his room, and finally he lay down upon the bed, and never got up of himself. He lingered on through September and October. His fellow artists sat up at night with him, and were as kind as sisters of charity. He never spoke of religion. He had no particular religion. Towards the end the consul was called in to draw up his will, and on the same occasion, some one suggested the presence of the English clergyman. He was sent for, and he came willingly enough indeed, and we firmly believe that he would have done anything in the world for "poor Raddy." But there it was a question of doing something in heaven. There were several artists in the little parlor, and a few of them were engaged in writing at the table. The minister stood with his back to the fire, and warmed himself. Presently, Reed came out, and said to the clergyman, "I think he is sinking," whereat, he left off warming himself, and walked slowly into the bedroom, and then to the couch of the dying man. He looked at "Raddy" for a moment, and then stooping down said very kindly, "God is good, my friend." "Is He?" said the artist, and his eyes seemed to open wider with surprise. They remained so for a long, long time, and then Reed closed them reverently, and kissing the cold, white brow, he said with a tremor in his voice, "Poor Raddy."

The poor copyist, Königsberger, never went back to the *Persianetta*. Tota and a friend sought him out the next evening, and found him in bed, down with the Roman fever, "perniciosa too," said Tota. "*Povero figlio.*" He had nothing in his purse but a frank piece, and a few soldi. There was nothing in the little room to be sold only the "Beloved Disciple," "and that," said the good woman, "will never go to Monte di pietà." He was taken to the hospital of San Michele, and placed in the large airy ward on the last story. No one knew his antecedents, and his friend only knew that he came from the village of Wiltau in Tyrol, and that his father and mother were both buried together in the churchyard. Kindred, he had none. He suffered for many days, and sometimes raved a great deal in German. The Sister who attended him found out that he was a Catholic, and said, moreover, that he was a very good young man. A German priest was called in from the Swiss Church near St. Peter's, and he talked a long time with the artist. The next day he gave him Holy Communion. He had been in the hospital about fifteen days when this happened. In the afternoon of the same day, the friend sat by his bedside and talked to him, sometimes in Italian, sometimes in Ger-

man, for both were not of the same nationality. It was very cool up there, and the view from the artist's bed stretched across the Tiber, to the Arentine beyond, and far away to the Sabine Hills. The artist seemed to be looking away out there, and perhaps he saw something in the rugged cliffs that reminded him of Tyrol, for he said, "When I get strong, I shall go home." The Sister heard him say this, and she turned her eyes towards the friend with a look of deep meaning in them. He never got strong, but the Sister said, that, in the evening, about a quarter of an hour after the *Ave Maria*, the poor artist went home—to his Father's. So they die.

A SPIRIT'S MESSAGE.

Oh, friends on earth—oh, friends no longer near,
Whom once I held, whom still I hold so dear
For Christ's sweet sake I pray you kindly hear!

I pine—I languish in this prison-place:
Oh, my Beloved! for one minute's space
To see again the glory of Thy Face!

Late loving! for myself I cannot pray—
Flame-girdled through the long hours I must stay
Till the last stain of sin is burned away.

Sweet friends, I call in vain: ye answer not.
Ah, me! too well I loved you—now my lot
Is that most bitter pain—to be forgot!

For surely ye forget,—else every day
Ye would lift up pure hands to Heaven and pray
To end my suffering spirit's long delay!

THE DIVINE COMMISSION OF THE CHURCH AS A TEACHER.

WHAT IT COMPREHENDS.

THE distinction which many undertake to make between religious and secular knowledge has much to do with the prevailing confusion of ideas respecting the Public School question. And owing to this confusion of ideas and the misapprehensions resulting from it, many persons have placed themselves on the irreligious side of this question who otherwise would stand side by side with Catholics in demanding a modification of the present system of public education.

We have used the word "irreligious" rather than anti-Catholic or Protestant, because all who believe that morality is based upon religion, as Protestants do professedly, would, if consistent, be on the Catholic side of the question. They are not so, in very many cases, because either because of their own anti-Catholic prejudices or because of their want of courage and their fear of the consequences of placing themselves in opposition to the prejudices of others. These we do not expect our argument will reach; and in what we propose to say we shall not take them into account. But there is another class of persons, who honestly make the distinction to which we have referred, and are led by it to regard the Catholic position on the subject of education as entirely unreasonable. There are not a few Catholics, too, whose minds have become confused about the matter, and who, therefore, are less clear in their convictions, and less zealous in supporting Catholic schools than otherwise they would be. To make the matter worse, we notice of late in some of our so called Catholic newspapers an attempt to draw this distinction between secular and religous knowledge, and to build on it an argument in favor of the present public schools.

It is argued that the commission of the Church to "teach all nations" refers only to religion; that the Church may, therefore, consistently claim the right of imparting religious instruction; but for her to claim anything more than this is to go beyond her proper sphere, and to grasp at what does not belong to her.

The division which, in this argument, is attempted between religious and secular knowledge is false and deceptive. It is one which, in effect, denies the sovereignty of God over man in all his relations of life and in the totality of his being. It denies, too, the completeness of the redemption which God has wrought in Christ, and which it is the mission of the Church to offer and exhibit to every creature.

The mission of the Church is coextensive with the effects of sin, which affect the whole being of man, every act and word, every thought and volition in every moment, and in every relation of his existence.

The commission "to teach" which Christ gave to the Church, requires, therefore, that she should bring man to a sense of his misery and guilt, on the one hand, and to a knowledge of God's mercy, and of the means by which it may be obtained, on the other. It involves the breaking up by the Church of the state of forgetfulness and neglect of duty and of enmity to God in which man, since his fall, has stood, and now stands, and his reconciliation to his Creator, who has become also his Redeemer. And

this work of restoration, of reconciliation, is a process in which man is, and necessarily must be, an intelligent co-actor with God in every stage and moment of the process. For man is a free agent. The two highest endowments he possesses, and those which compose moral freedom, are intelligence and will.

Man, therefore, is an intelligent, willing, free factor in the whole process of his own redemption. He must work with God. And the human action requisite must extend to every sphere and relation, every period and moment of man's existence; to every thought, volition and sentiment he entertains, to every word and act he utters and performs.

But if man's intelligence has this intimate and necessary, and at the same time comprehensive relation to his redemption, the office of teaching which has been committed to the Church must be equally extensive, and must comprehend within its scope all that man in the exercise of his intelligence can discover and know, every subject which his mind can think upon, and every act which his will constrains him to perform.

The attempted distinction between secular and religious knowledge, consequently, is a false distinction. It has no foundation in fact; no foundation, in the relation of man to God as a creature, fallen, yet intended through divine mercy to be saved. It is a virtual denial that man is wholly, body and soul, the creature and the servant of God, whom He designs to save, to sanctify and to exalt in the totality of his whole being, and whom as a child reconciled to his father, and as an heir to the ineffable glories of heaven, God wishes and commands to be ruled by the law of divine charity in every moment of his existence, and in every act and relation of his life.

It requires no laborious thought on the part of one who apprehends the truth we have briefly stated, to perceive that every form of knowledge, when rightly used, will powerfully dispose the mind to the discharge of duty, whether that duty refers immediately to God, to ourselves, or to our fellow-men. And it is equally certain that the habit of ignoring God in our intellectual operations does and must tend, by the unnatural separation of knowledge and reflection from their true end, to induce habitual forgetfulness of duty. If the "untutored savage"

> "Sees God in the clouds and hears Him in the wind,"

surely the Christian meteorologist will not less easily detect evidences of divine wisdom in the changes of temperature, and of the density and moisture of the air, and all the other atmospheric phenomena which he notes and studies. He may not do this, but if he does not he is not superior, but inferior to the "savage," in failing to read in what he has learned lessons of infinitely greater value than those which refer only to the operation of laws that determine the weather.

The astronomer may carry his observations into the most remote regions of space made possible by the most perfect instruments, may build his deductions upon the most solid foundations of science, and then find no language capable of expressing his final conclusion but that of inspiration: "How great are thy works, O Lord? Thou hast made all things in wisdom;" or he may confine himself to reflections upon the distances, magnitudes, densities and motions of the planets, fixed stars and nebulæ, to the processes by which they may have reached their present conditions and positions, and the physical laws which, by their action, have brought about these results, without a thought of the divine first cause and author of those laws; he may

do all this just as a railway engine-driver may study the working parts of a locomotive without a thought about the mathematical science and mechanical skill which the proportioning, construction and adjustment of those parts required; but if he does this, though he may, and justly, be occupying the highest position among material scientists for careful investigation, accurate mathematical computations and logical deductions, yet when judged by a higher and truer standard, by that which refers to the last use of all knowledge, he falls far below the ancient heathen. For Æschylus, the oldest poet of the ancient pagan Greeks, has written:

"Place God apart from mortals; and think not
That he is, like thyself, corporeal.
Thou knowest Him not. Now He appears as fire,
Dread force! as water now; and now as gloom;
And in the beasts is dimly shadowed forth,
In wind and cloud, in lightning, thunder, rain;
And minister to Him the seas and rocks,
Each fountain and the water's floods and streams.
The mountains tremble, and the earth, the vast
Abyss of sea, and towering height of hills,
When on them looks the sovereign's awful eye:
ALMIGHTY IS THE GLORY OF THE MOST HIGH GOD."

And so, too, another pagan Greek poet, Sophocles, says:

"One in very truth, God is one,
Who made the heaven and the far stretching earth,
The deep's blue billows and the might of winds."

We shall not stop to prove that these Greek poets, living in the darkness of heathendom long before the advent of our Saviour, and testifying to the omnipresence and omnipotence of God as they learned it either from the traditions of truth, which in those early days may have still lingered amongst the Greeks or from nations with whom they came into contact, or as expressing what was suggested to their hearts by poetic inspiration, and their contemplation of the natural world, were, in this, far in advance of many modern savans. We are writing not for infidels, but for those who believe that the heavens do "show forth the glory of God," and that the "invisible things"—His eternal power and divinity—from the creation of the world, "are clearly seen, being understood from the things that are made;" for those who believe, too, that God "has not left Himself without a witness" both in the material world external to man, and also in man's own heart, for those, too, who believe with St. Paul that they, who "like not to have God in their hearts, are not seldom given up to a 'reprobate sense,' and 'vain imaginations.'"

If our reasoning thus far is accepted as true, and we do not see how it can be objected to by any one who believes in the personal existence of God, and in divine revelation, it must also be admitted that the Church's commission to "teach" is unlimited; and that in the necessity of the case, it is coextensive with all knowledge, and all possibility of knowledge. To say that the commission refers to religion is only another way of saying that it comprehends every subject which the mind of man can grasp. The relation of knowledge, under every form, to religion, and its importance as a means for leading the thoughts of men onward and upwards to God, and inspiring in their hearts sentiments of gratitude, obedience, veneration, love and adoration, is continually suggested in the Sacred Scriptures.

In Genesis, (ch. II,) we are told that Adam, at the express instance of God, gave names to every living creature. But names are the oral expression of ideas respecting the things named. And no one can doubt but Adam had full knowledge of the things he named. And

if God endowed Him with this knowledge as respects the animal creation, why not in regard to all the other forms and spheres of action of His creative power. Nor is there room for questioning, that all this knowledge was conferred upon Adam in Paradise, that his understanding might act along with his will, his intelligence co-operate with his volitions, direct, and strengthen, and elevate them, and that Adam might thus with all the faculties and powers of mind and soul, serve and obey, love and adore the Creator of himself and of the whole universe.

The moral which we have drawn from Genesis, is still more clearly displayed in other portions of the Sacred Scriptures. Moses, at the command of God, called into requisition the most precious of metals and woods, and of the fabrics of human labor in the construction of the tabernacle, and made the highest skill that the Jews could exercise subservient to its adornment, thus teaching that human industry and art could never be more worthily employed, than in doing honor to God. And Job, and David, and the inspired writers of the Old Testament, exhaust their knowledge of the natural world in finding images and types of the divine perfections, and reasons why man's heart, and mind, and soul, and body, should all be consecrated to the service of his Creator. There is nothing that escapes this use. The valleys and the hills, the earth and the sea, rocks and mountains, plants and trees, cattle and savage beasts, birds and fishes, the springing and the withering grass, the blooming and the fading flowers, tempests, lightning and thunder, the sun, moon and stars, the life of man and all his occupations, and all that man knows and can know, are called into requisition to illustrate the divine perfections, to enforce upon man his duties, and to lead him to understand that the true value of his endowments and gifts, and the whole significance of his life, find their proper purpose, and reach their end only in God.

When we turn to the New Testament, and read the discourses of the Saviour, which the Evangelists record, we find Him constantly refering to the phenomena of the natural world and the occupations of men as types and symbols of the truths He came to reveal. Underneath the special lessons of his parables there is this great truth set forth, that the material universe in all its changing phenomena, and all the occupations and pursuits of men unconsciously shadow forth the substantial realities of the Kingdom of Heaven, and that they should be studied with reference to them. The conclusion is irresistible that the scientist or philosopher, who prosecutes his investigations in the opposite spirit and without reference to the relation of all science to God, ignores in his labors what should be their ultimate design, and what is divinely intended to be the last use and end of all human knowledge.

That this was the mind of the Church in the first ages of Christianity, (as it was all through the Middle Ages and is now,) and the interpretation which she placed upon her commission to teach, is perfectly plain to those who have any acquaintance with the remnants of the Christian writings of those first ages that have escaped destruction, and been preserved to our times. In proof of this we need only refer to the letter of the Sovereign Pontiff Clement addressed to the Corinthians, before the last of the Apostles, St. John, was called to his reward, to the Epistle to Diognetus, to the Pastor of Hermas, the apology of St. Justin the Martyr, and to the writings of St. Clement of Alexandria, and of still other Christian writers, of those first ages.

The phenomena of the material world and whatever was true in any of the philosophical systems of the heathen, the resources of logic and of metaphysics, were all brought into requisition to defend, to prove, enforce and make clear the truths of divine revelation.

The same method was pursued in the schools established by Christians in early times. The first efforts of the Church to carry on the work of education are involved in the obscurity which, through the destruction of ancient writings during the convulsions attendant upon the incursions of barbarous tribes, and the fall of the ancient Roman empire, hides from our knowledge many of the details of Christian activity in those times. Moreover, owing to Christianity being a proscribed religion for three hundred years, the educational labors of the Church, like the celebration of the divine mysteries, had mostly to be conducted in secret. What is known, however, is amply sufficient to acquaint us with the fact that the Church claimed the whole domain of possible human knowledge as rightfully hers. The most famous of all the Christian schools in those ages was that of Alexandria. Some suppose that it was founded by St. Mark. If it was not, it was certainly established by one of his first successors. When St. Pantænus took charge of it, it was already, A. D. 189, in a flourishing condition; and under his successor, St. Clement of Alexandria, it had a world-wide reputation. Its cursus of study comprehended every branch of human science, physics, mathematics, geography, history, astronomy, chemistry, grammar or languages, logic, rhetoric and philosophy in its widest sense. The students of this school, too, were distinguished for accuracy and thoroughness, and extent of knowledge, and grasp and power of thought which would put to shame the scholars of modern times.

It is not necessary to follow our subject into succeeding ages. It is a matter of history how zealously the Church, as soon as she was left free through the edict of Constantine to fulfil her commission to teach the nations, at once entered upon the work of establishing schools; and how perseveringly she continued that work, despite the hindrances of the most terrible social convulsions and the constant warfare of hostile tribes and peoples, until all Europe was covered with schools, academies and universities, in which every science and form of knowledge which the mind of man can comprehend were prosecuted with the utmost diligence and the utmost thoroughness.

The infallible Church, therefore, has, long ago, interpreted her commission to teach. She has done it by act and deed, as well as by Conciliary decrees and Pontifical utterances; and her interpretation that it is unlimited accords with the relation of knowledge to man's moral freedom and well-being. Knowledge is one. It has its source and origin in God; it returns to Him as its last end; it can never be separated from Him. Whatever therefore man can learn, the Church may claim the right to teach.

AT HER KNEE.

It was his mother's knee, and he was a man with life's prime marked upon his face—the prime without the bloom or the promise thereof. His head was massive, but it was bowed there with the attitude of humiliation a penitent child's assumes, coming to confess and atone for the day's faults; and the stalwart figure knelt on the ground at her feet, as a child's kneels to say the evening prayer. But the setting of the picture was no cosy fireside of "mother's room," as you might think; no lights of home gleamed softly on its pathos; no pictured walls looked down upon its beauty. In a dismal cell of the city prison sat that mother, with aspect so suffering, yet so tender, and on its floor of stone knelt the son with blighted manhood stamped so plainly upon every line of his form.

"Mother!" a broken, agonized tone.

"My boy, my poor, poor Walter, what is it?"

Mother's voices never lose the mother-tone. Not more pitying or more coaxing could this have been, when he knelt there bowing a child's silken head before her, than now. And with all the power of old, it pierced his heart.

"You—you remember long ago, when I knelt here at night?"

Ah! did she not, even as he could not, remember! The tender watch, the sweet anxiety, the ceaseless care, the hope, and fear, and doubt, and love—what child can fathom or remember these?—her softly whispered "Yes" contained them all.

"You don't forget that, no matter how I acted all day, whatever I said at your knee at night, you believed implicitly."

"No reason," broke from the mother-heart in eager tones, "no reason ever came that I should doubt it, dear. My boy was always truth itself."

"It is a long, long time, mother," he then went on, the agony increasing in his tone with every word, "since I knelt here, and I do it now, hoping you will believe me even as in the old time."

"Just the same!" she answered very decidedly, "whatever you say there is sacred truth to me."

"Then, mother, in all this wide world you are the only human being who believes me to-night; but for you, I say it at your knee—*I am innocent.*"

She did not faint, nor wring her hands, nor even weep as women do. She only sat in silence beyond her own power to break, but with a look of gladness, and of sure belief in her upturned eyes, that might have pierced through the very arch of the sky to the celestial beyond. He raised his head, he saw, he clasped her round with his strong arms.

"Thank God!" he whispered in an awe-struck tone, "you believe! Oh! Mother it is easy now to die!"

"Die!" and she started to her feet with sudden energy, "*you shall not die!* Did you not say you are innocent?"

"As truly as God reigns, mother; but it is of no avail. I have been tried by a jury, found guilty; I will be sentenced to death; from this, no earthly power can save me. I have given up life; I deserve all this for my sins against you. I was not guilty of murder, mother, as I am accused; but, God knows, I was guilty of worse in my conduct to you. I only kneel here to say I am innocent, and to beg your pardon for all the sorrow I have caused you. Then, I can die."

To the despair, the utter relinquishing of all that life can bring to manhood's striving or manhood's hopes breathing in voice and words, she answered with a mother's kiss pressed fondly on his forehead, and then she stooped to raise him from the ground.

"Ah!" she said, smiling a smile that was strange to see in that woe-stricken place, "how often have I done it! Your little mother cannot raise you now: get up, dear, and tell me all about this happy thing. *You shall not die!*"

He looked at her, a little grey-haired woman, scarcely beyond a child in size, with placid face that naturally wore a smile set in its own fairness, and sweet, blue eyes that held a world of love in their quiet depths. He looked at her, so frail, so apparently powerless, and his heart smote him to think of the wealth of manhood wasted in him, that ought to be her refuge now, in place of being a millstone round her neck.

"You're grieving now, dear," she said, reading the look instinctively, "grieving over me. Don't, don't! Tell me your story, and let the past leave its wrong buried forever."

"What can bury it? Oh! mother, could it ever find a real grave."

"Forgiveness, dear, which is yours now, can be the grave; and amendment, which you have before you, the sod that covers it. Come, tell me your story."

"You thought me guilty, mother?" he said anxiously.

"I cannot say I positively believed you so, dear," was the answer, "but I *feared* you might have committed the dreadful deed, when —not yourself."

"Yes, when brutalized by drink: no wonder, no wonder!" He leaned his head upon his hand and was silent.

"Walter," and the placid face was lit with heavenly pity, looking upon the desolate attitude, and sorrowful act, "do you not know our time is limited, and I can do nothing till I hear your story."

"It is a story, mother," he began vehemently, "the words of which I wish could pierce these walls, and reach the soul of every Catholic young man beginning to tread the journey of life, and insensible to the fact that his religion is of more value to him than any other of his possessions, no matter how great they may be! You, God knows, in the days gone by, strove to impress me with that truth; but the pride of judgment, which is the rock on which most young men's lives are wrecked, made me turn aside from your teachings, and finally brought me *here!*" Again his head leaned on his hand, again his tongue refused to go on. Often, often, had the boyish head of the olden time assumed that very attitude, when in trouble brought on by some boyish freak! How her heart went back to it all now! How tenderly it forgot the years of woe and wrong between!

"Go on, Walter," and a touch of gentle authority dwelt in the voice; for just then, she was thinking of him as a child come to tell his fault, not a criminal under penalty of the law for murder; "you know mother always had to hear the whole truth. She must hear it now too." Then on the placid face beamed another of those smiles, that it seemed could never fail it, no matter how heavily burthened the heart beneath. Under its light, he went on.

"It is a great many years since I left you, mother, but long before I took that unworthy step, I wa unworthy of you. My career commenced simply with disobedience, as commences many and many a downward career in this progressive land, where the young are too wise to obey those placed over them, and where, in the newness of things, every attempt at preserving

youth pure in heart, and firm in faith, is called with a sneer 'old fogyism.' When a Catholic young man, despising the restraints of home, (that God knows, he finds out afterwards, would have been his only safeguard from the diabolical snares the outside world holds ready for him,)—when he disobeys his parents by keeping late hours, and frequenting company he would not dare to introduce to the household circle; when he adds deceit to disobedience, as I did, then he has commenced the downward path to—ruin of body and soul. Many and many a night, when you and my sisters thought I was in my own room, reading or studying, forsooth, I was out half the night, acquiring habits, and imbibing ideas, that wrecked my life. It was then I learned to despise your counsels, to think myself too advanced for the quiet enjoyments and wise restraints of home. After this stage of advancement set in, the excitement of late hours, and the support of alcoholic stimulants became necessary to my progressive being. Then my heart, grown unscrupulous under their sway, was open to the persuasions of infidelity first, and quickly following this, immorality. My companions scoffed at confession, treated communion as a farce, and to prove my own enlightenment, I began to agree with them so far as to frequent neither, and pretend to you I did so regularly, at a distant church, for the purpose of having a particular confessor. So you see what a very ingrate I was, and how truly I deserve death! While, in the eyes of yourself and your immediate circle of friends, I was a model, a person who fulfilled the duties of religion, who was seldom out at night, and who frequented no bad company, I was really a freethinker, a carouser, a companion of 'fast' young men and women, a being who had lost all sense of honor and of faith in God. And from such beginning, oh! mother, here is the bitter end!" He stopped again, overcome by his own words.

"Go on, my child," said the mother gently, "I have traveled hundreds of miles to hear the rest. Let me hear it."

"Dreadful 'rest' to which those hundreds of miles have brought you! When I left you, mother, it was that I might not have to keep up even the pretense of good, which my being near you necessitated; not, as I represented at the time, that by going away I got a better position. Soon, removed from all restraint, I became lost to every good impulse. Thrown amongst a set of young men who lived for nothing hut sinful pleasure, I sought their applause, and obtained it by being exactly like themselves! Blind that I was, I failed to notice that those from whom I learned to doubt the truths of revealed religion, also taught me to scorn the maxims that bind a human being to virtue; and while they made of me a skeptic, they also made of me a creature not fit to breathe the air where purity or integrity dwelt. So I went down, down—the descent is so gradual, the victim does not perceive its tendency till too late. Drink makes a man insensible, unscrupulous, reckless and immoral. I was all these, and more. *What* I was, I cannot shock your ears by putting into words.

"A day came, as it will come to all who run the race that I did, when none of my companions knew me, when I had no money, no employment, and a coat threadbare and out at elbows. Dressed in the extreme of the fashion, entertaining in conversation, inimitable at telling a story, good at a song, unrivalled in my power with the ladies, I had served for an offset to their pleasure; now, they could not recollect having seen me before. So

I wandered about, an outcast—I, who might have held any position in my native city, if I had only lived as God ordains that man should live. I occasionally obtained a little employment, as an educated man will, no matter where he is thrown; but I will tell you the truth, I only worked enough to obtain money for drink, all that I now cared for in the world." His eyes grew moist in a pause that now ensued; his face underwent a complete transformation; its hard lines melted in light that stole tenderly over it, and the beauty of some unspoken thought settled softly there.

"How can I ever describe for you, Alice?" he then said in a voice melted by love, "I cannot mother. Some men call such as she, angels; but I honor her far more, when I call her the highest type of a true woman, one fulfilling her beautiful mission everywhere, one actuated by the supernatural in motive, and so possessssing a power over the merely natural impossible not to recognize. She was—is, very poor; she worked in a store, where I sometimes was employed to adjust accounts or write advertisements. By very slow degrees, she grew to know me; by the power of charity, she learned to notice my wretchedness, and to pity my miserable state. A few gentle words one day I waited shivering for work—shivering, alas! because I lacked money to get drink that morning—commenced our acquaintance. I cannot tell you how it came about, but it was very gradually, that she became sufficiently acquainted with me to talk to me of my wasted past and wretched present; to show me that in the hands of the good God there was a future for me, if I would only improve it; to give me the golden gift of a pure woman's sympathy, and an earnest woman's prayers. Soon her influence became like a guiding star to my life; my miserable being was raised above the abyss of wrong and woe, by loving her—yes, I dared to love her, but I did not dare to say so, knowing the distance between us. I strove to remove that distance somewhat, by becoming a respectable man, getting after a while steady employment, and striving by degrees, the struggles contained in which no human tongue can tell, to give up drink. She watched all this with pity and encouragement as near to the Divine as I can imagine anything of this world to be. She recognized every silent effort; her earnest soul, dauntless in its purpose of renewing my broken life, went forth to meet every victory achieved by me. When I fell—for I often did; a man cannot suddenly be cured of habits like mine—and in my very contrition despaired because such fall had been possible, it was she who reassured me, who led me to the right once more, who held before me the miracle of God's mercy. Not once, but many, many times she saved me thus. So I worshiped her, but never presumed to say so. Sometimes like the swift sweep of an angel's wing, came a vision over the desolation of my life, a vision of myself, with manhood reinstated in virtue, and power, and position, laying that manhood at her feet, not that I could ever be worthy to win her, but that *she* might find in it a refuge from care, and sorrow, and toil, now the belongings of her life. But that was all.

"When this murder took place I had kept from drinking longer than ever before; and if I had yielded to Alice's advice, and approached the Sacraments, I might have had strength to keep from it altogether. But that was the one thing, the only thing, she could not prevail on me to do. Ah! I have had time to reflect in this prison, and to draw the conclusion, that mere human influence, even though it be of the high-

est type, is of no avail to reform a wasted life, unless its result is to make us seek the aid of the Divine, find it, live through it. But that is useless now: my life is gone. I fell once more—I reeled along the street in a state of disgraceful intoxication. I had a vision of Alice striving to guide me; of course it was only a vision. Then a burst of light came, I fell into a doorway where little children shouted. Somebody wept —I heard that—I knew it. That was *all* I knew till the next day when I stole out of the house where I had been sheltered, stole out consumed by craving for more drink. I got it; I again knew nothing, till I found myself in prison on suspicion of murdering a policeman who was discovered dead on his beat, his brains knocked out by some blunt instrument. Oh! mother, what a fool is a man, who deliberately deprives himself of the use of memory and reason! But for my brutish condition, I could prove I never committed the murder, for I know I had not left that house at the time the man was found; but you see, I do not even know in what house I was."

It is astonishing what energy is often possessed by little, placid, blue-eyed women. These blue eyes flashed, this small form drew itself up.

"I will find out, my dear," with set lips, said this placid woman quietly, but with unmistakable determination resting in the tone.

"You, poor mother! You never can. Let me tell you the grounds on which I am condemned. Enmity against the policeman, because once, when I was a vagabond and had no money, I went into a saloon begging for a drink, and by the proprietor's orders he put me out. It appears, I was heard then to say, I would have my revenge. Then, early on the night of the murder, it appears also that I met him, and he attempted to steady me as I reeled along, and I spurned his help and cursed him. Lastly, when they arrested me, I was found in a back alley, too drunk to know anything, but holding in my hand a hatchet, all spattered with what looked to be blood and brains! You shudder, mother, no wonder! But you must shudder more, when I tell you, that, as the very brute without intelligence was I oblivious of how I got that hatchet, or where! For this must I suffer the penalty of death, and for this do I deserve it."

Then the little, placid, blue-eyed woman rose up.

"It looks dark," said her quiet, determined voice; "but God can do everything, and you are innocent. *You shall not die*, my dear, and remember, if you are saved, that God did it through your mother, and what you first learned at her knee. Where is Alice?"

"Don't—don't, mother!" it was like a cry of mortal pain. "I could not look her in the face!"

"But *I* can, my dear," and the quiet voice held its determination still, "I can, and I must. Here—write her address on this card."

He wrote with trembling hand, and face betraying the workings of a fearful struggle.

"Now, God bless you, my dear. I will be back before very long." The quiet, quiet voice! It held its determination to the last; but outside the door it lost it, in the wild cry to God.

"Great God, it is a slender thread on which his life hangs! Do Thou be my helper!"

And, standing in the shadows of the prison corridor, weeping a flood of bitter tears, with head pressed against the rough stone wall, this little figure made a picture of woman's desolation, and woman's weakness, at which the roughest men passing shed ready tears themselves. You would have thought to look upon it, that all her bravery was fled, all her set purpose overthrown.

Yet, in that moment of suffering, of wailing, of *prayer*, dwelt her true power; from it came the completeness of her strength. For He who "marks the sparrow's fall," took note, and His look sustains.

II.

All this came to pass on a Christmas eve, when children at mothers' knees held in heedless, happy hearts, glad promise of the morrow; when fathers were returning to waiting homes, laden with tributary packages, out of the miraculous interiors of which much magic was to come; when the very air held marvelous secrets in its keeping whispered to it alone, because it could not tell. And it came to pass also, that in a very small house, situate in a very dark and narrow alley, some little children were gathering at the mother's knee, just after she came in from the day's work, gathering with clamorous questions about to-morrow's joys. She was evidently a very tired mother, and just then full of some oppressing thought, for she looked sorrowfully into the fire, and said nothing. The fire was bright, and sputtered, and roared, and showed how white was the floor, and how radiant were the few tins on the wall, and how very, very shabby the furniture, and how faded and threadbare every one's dress. It gave no favor, this impartial fire, and no one could need a better light in which to see the touching little picture of the children's expectant faces, and the tired mother's, shadowed with disappointment, they had not the penetration to read.

"Will we have turkey, mother?"

"And plum-pudding?"

"No—I say mince-pie, mother!"

"And I'm to det a dollie!"

"We'll have *some* candy, won't we, mother?"

"Give me a gun! You get a first-rate one for ten cents!"

"You got the money—didn't you, mother!"

At last she spoke.

"No."

Then she turned away from the poor little faces the word had stricken as might some sudden blight, so changed were they in an instant; and as she sat there with averted face, the door softly opened, and a young girl stood looking at the pathetic picture. She had a face you could not see and forget; not beautiful, but striking in its indescribable expression of womanly feeling. Even amongst women you do not often meet with such a face—a face wherein you can be oblivious of feature, of color, of outline, and absorbed solely in that which shines pre-eminent, the woman's heart looking out from it. Now it looked out unrestrained, and it drew the grieving children from the mother's knee. They clustered round her noisily, they caught her dress, they pulled her into the room, they sat her down before the fire, and looking tenderly at the tired woman with averted face, she said:

"Quietly, quietly, pets, or I'll not tell what the wind said, as I came along!"

Their eyes instantly wandered to the window and the door, as if they could see it. It roared, and blustered, and whistled outside, as if in defiance of the look.

"Yes, he's out, Miss Melrose!" they cried.

"Well, let me tell you what he said, dearies. He said—he said—guess now?"

"Kriss was starting out too, maybe," cried a credulous little voice.

"Exactly! Starting out with his pretty little ivory sleigh that I told you of last year, and his tiny, velvety reindeer with the silver bells."

Now that dreadful "No," was evidently forgotten; open mouths and bright eyes swallowed every word.

"Kriss is a punctual old fellow, you

know, and he always tries to get his work done in time. So, said I to the wind—he and I are on very good terms; I meet him a great deal, and yet, with all his rough ways, he never hurts me—said I, 'Would you tell something to Kriss for me?' Said he, 'Of course, if it's about good children.' Said I, 'Well, it is.' Said he, 'Are they children that will think to-night of the mother and the child that on the first Christmas, had not a roof to cover them?' And said I, 'I know they will.' 'Very well,' said he, 'what is it? I'll tell Kriss!'"

The tired mother got up, a softening look on her face, and laying aside her things, began busying herself about the supper table. The little audience grew alarmingly excited, and looking as if they could actually tear the rest of the absorbing narration from the teller's lips with their eyes, so devouring in their brightness did these become.

"'Well,' said I," she proceeded, smiling softly to herself, "'Johnnie would like a gun, and Nellie a little work-box, and Tom a new tin horse, with a soldier that can't be induced to come off, even if you do let him fall, and pretty, pretty Baby would like a dolly that you can't wash the eyes off, and with red boots on.'"

"Oh! it was us!" Baby's emotions were fearful to look upon: "Did oo say dold hair, Miss Mellie?"

"Yes, gold hair, just like Baby's," and a gentle touch strayed over the shining head.

"Will Kriss mind the wind?" asked sképtical Tom.

"Oh! he has to," answered Nellie," you know he can't go without the wind, it drives the sleigh along!"

"Yes," put in their visitor, "and, on that account, Kriss being somewhat in the wind's power, it is to be supposed he *will* mind him. 'Now,' said he in parting, 'are you sure these children are good?' 'Yes,' said I, 'and I promise you, they'll all kneel down, before they hang a stocking, and offer their little hearts to the baby God in the stable.'"

"So we will!" cried the little crowd

"Did it cry—dat 'ittle baby?" asked Baby with eager eyes.

"Yes, baby cried with cold, and the poor animals warmed it with their breath."

"Dood ox!" decided baby, "What did de mamma do?"

"She," and the tender voice seemed as if it could now melt away into the silence of dropping tears, "she was cold too, but God was in the cold, and in the dark with her! So she suffered, but was happy, as we all can be, if we suffer with God. You know, dearies, the rich at Christmas are not the ones He chose to be like, and," stealing an anxious look at the silent, tired mother, "any mother to-night, who cannot get what she wants for her little ones, is only like that Queen of all mothers, who sat in the cold stable looking at her darling, as He cried and shivered, and had nothing to relieve His suffering, yet could rejoice because *He was with her!*"

"Arrah!" broke from the tired woman's heart, as she stopped suddenly before the little group, "do you know what you're doin', Miss Melrose, God bless you?"

"What, Biddy?"

"Raisin' me heart out o' me sorrow wad yer brave words! Shure you never kem in, but you done it somehow! Me heart was sore, an' was angered too, for its hard I worked to get Misther Haven's clothes done, an' whin I tuk them expectin' the money, there he was, off on a spree, God knows where! An' its only a bit o' corn beef I can have for the crachure's dinner now! Och! but the world is quare fixed, Miss Melrose, dear, whin min like that rich an' grand, can

keep the Christmas bit out o' the weans' mouths!"

"Ah! Biddy, the world is 'fixed' by God, and He knows all the reasons for what we think strange. One great day will come, when all the strangeness will disappear. And Christmas cheer does not consist in dainty eating and fine gifts, but love and remembrance of the weeping baby in the stable."

"Tell de tory," cried Baby persuasively, "all about de ittle baby, an' de men mindin' sheepies an' lammies, an' de angels, an' de dood kings, an' de bad one, and all de 'itttle babies he tilled an' de poor mammas cryin' for deir pettses dead in kadles!"

She placed her hand on the golden head, and in a voice of love and faith, she recounted, simply for the children's ears, the story of the first Christmas; the story so old and yet so new; the story that thrills the heart with a miracle of joy all its own, yet sends through the same heart a stab of tender pain. They listened as they might to one inspired; ah! who shall say such lips are not inspired, winning souls to God, even in the slightest utterance of their daily language? And as they listened thus, and as they forgot in the sublime history their little trial, a knock came to the door—it opened as if the knocker was impatient of delay; displayed the picture of the touched and eagerly listening mother and children, the rapt and earnest speaker, the tiny shabby room, where poverty's relentless hand had stamped everything with its touch. She took it all in, the little, placid, blue-eyed woman, standing on the threshold, not a feature or shadow escaped her.

"Ah!" she said gently, to the young girl sitting surrounded by the children, "you are 'Alice!' My dear, I am Walter Langdon's mother."

"Alice" came over to her, both hands held out. Not a word was said in the embrace which followed, but the souls of the two tried women met in a look, which told what would never have been entrusted to words by the one, nor been asked with words by the other. It seemed quite natural there, that the placid little woman should say "You will help me to save him."

"Poor mother!" and she led her to a seat, and held her hand, softly patting it, as we do the dimpled ones of little children, "I wish it were possible."

"You think that I am dreaming, that my grief has turned my brain. But tell me, *did* you try to guide my poor boy, that awful night, or did he imagine it?"

A wave of rose swept mistily over the fairness of her face, and the woman's heart looking out of her eyes, faltered there a little, but she answered,

"I did guide him; I am sure I need not be ashamed to tell his mother; she cannot misunderstand. I met him near this alley—I thought if I could only get him into this house, he would be saved from further exposure or wrong. I took him by the hand, and he followed me like a very child. We met no one, but if we had, and my act been construed wrong, I knew God saw my motive." Then the rose turned to scarlet, and the woman's heart took refuge in silence.

"I understand," said the placid, little woman, "I see the risk and the bravery too."

"An' shure ma'am, it's saved he'd a been, af he'd 'a been said an' led by her. Into this very dure he fell, an' the childhre all shoutin' roun' him! An' meself fixed him warm on the flure, an' welkim he was to stay, poor, young man, an' stay well-cared fur too, but God help us! he gev us the slip! It's cunnin' they are ma'am, whin they have a sup in."

The face of the placid little woman grew white, and her lips quiv-

ered with very agony, as she put the question:

"How long did he stay?"

"Certainly, till *seven o'clock* in the morning," answered Alice.

"Herself watched till thin, ma'am," whispered Biddy, furtively.

"After that, I cannot tell," the young girl went on, "for Biddy and I both had to go to our work."

"*I* know!" cried Tom triumphantly, "he give me a dime, not to tell he went out, but I'll tell it now!" The placid little woman placed her hand over her heart, growing whiter and whiter of face, saying nothing. "He got half way out in the alley, when a dog came after him, an' he was afraid its barkin' id tell on him, an' he run back, an' if he did'nt pound at that there dog's head! Then he slung it in a ash-pile an' covered it up with old rags, an' took away the hatchet, said he was a-goin to bury it somewhere! Nobody was around an' nobody seen him but me, an' he give me the dime not to tell, an' said he was goin' fur a drink, an' he'd soon be back!"

"Did you know, Alice," in a very faint voice, asked the placid, little woman, "that this policeman's body was found at *four o'clock* that morning? Oh! my God!"

This was like the last cry of a spirit on the threshold of eternity, and then the mother's brave heart gave way, and she fainted, before Alice could answer that she had not known—she only knew the man was murdered, and he arrested for the crime.

After a long swoon, she opened those blue eyes upon the face bending anxiously over her; she looked into the beautiful ones meeting hers, as if she would pierce to the very soul beneath, and said she,

"Has the woman, who braved the false world to lead the drunken wanderer to shelter for charity's sake, enough courage now to declare her generous deed, and save a life precious to a suffering mother's heart?"

"She thanks her God for the opportunity;" and again the wave of rose broke softly over her face, and again the look came into her eyes, which told to the heart of the mother, what could not be given into the keeping of words. She—well, she was a far-seeing little woman, and she very quietly took it into her own keeping, with a thought of the future secretly attached thereto.

"Come, my dear," she then said quite cheerily, and oblivious of swoon or tear, "it is very late, but money works miracles, and I hope we will have poor Walter eating his Christmas dinner with us yet, for I think I have enough to work that miracle with your assistance."

And as she busily re-arranged her dress, and smoothed her waves of gray hair, she looked around the room sharply.

"Put these children to bed," she said to the mother, "especially Tom there. I intend to see Kriss Kingle, but nothing can be done, if they are awake when he comes round. By the way, did you ever miss the hatchet?"

"Thought it was stole," responded Tom promptly, "an' blamed me for not watchin' when she was out."

"We must get her one," said the little woman meditatively. And they went out.

III.

Did you ever see a little child sit up in bed of a Christmas morning, the "sleep in its eyes" still? Did you ever watch the gradual routing of said "sleep" out of those bewildered eyes, and the total subversion of its power, by the sudden recollection that it was "really Christmas," now? Did you ever note the radiance of delight,

and the lovely freshness of curiosity on the little face, as it turned to contemplate the mantel-piece, altar of baby hopes, and golden visions? This over, did you ever see little, bare feet patter to where the stockings hung, and dimpled hands eagerly pull them down, and oh! such wondering, coveting eyes, set about inspecting Kriss Kingle's work? All this over, did you ever see a little night-gowned figure seated on the hearth; the floor strewn wth the fruition of all its hopes, the hands grasping the wonderful fulfilment of prophecies regarding this magical hour in a child's life; the satiety coming from wishes suddenly rendered realities, causing a literal "I don't know-what-to-do" expression on the happy countenance? If you say no; I tell you then you have lived without seeing one of the sweetest sights on earth. If you say yes, then you will agree with me, you have seen what your heart can never forget, and such was the picture Baby, with tangled golden hair and sweet eyes all misty, and white garment making all the grace of her movements still more graceful, turned herself into on the memorable Christmas morning of which I write.

Bewildered Baby! The house had been transformed since she laid down in her little crib, and it had, to her awakening eyes, the general aspect of a garden, a confectionary, and a store house now! She didn't know how Kriss-Kingle ever managed to get through the chimney with such enormous packages, but there they were, and "seeing is believing." She couldn't imagine how he squeezed down that forest in the corner, with lights, and angels in a state of perpetual readiness to fly, and balls of gold, and silver, and ruby, and emerald; diamonds too, for that matter, and quite enough toys to set up two or three stores, and candy to last a life-time. It seemed utterly impossible to her that he *could* have safely conveyed the whole furniture of a house—new—and a cupboard full of dishes; but there they were! The stockings over the mantel-piece—of course, that was all right, but gracious! how swollen they were, and the legs quite knobby! A candy rooster had mounted guard over Tom's, and looked quite knowingly at hers, and what was that above hers? She came over on tip-toe, she mounted a chair, she peeped—what a picture she was just then! And oh! such a discovery—a pink-faced baby with golden hair, lying asleep in such a pretty cradle! "I'll call it—Stella!" Gracious! it must be alive, for it opens its eyes as she raises it up, and—miraculous—as she presses it to her little throbbing heart it cries! "I am its mother!" This is triumph itself. Down, down to the floor, go baby and mother, softly is it held to the innocent heart; "O baby! baby! you musn't cry! you must know I am your mother!" Now all the other wonders are forgotten: Baby is absorbed in her child. Suddenly in the midst of pretty babble to it, a thought arrests her; she kneels down, she folds her dimpled hands, faith breaks over the innocence of her face—

"Oh! dear, ittle baby Dod, I'm kneelin' down at bessed mother's knee—I *want* to be, I mean! Pease make Miss Mellie as happy as me is!"

Somebody was looking on, evidently, for somebody wept. Baby got up, flew to the direction of the sound, was caught up to Alice's breast—from which resting-place, peeping out of a tangle of curls, she perceived a big man, one she did not know. He had little lights in his hand like the ones on the tree, so he must be Kriss, and the work not done.

"Oh? what have oo dot for Miss Mellie?"

He said nothing—he only looked

at Alice tenderly holding the little child, and a beautiful, impossible vision rose in spite of the past, in spite of the barrier he himself had built up between them. Ah! *what* had he for her?

"Alice," he said gently, "you have given me a life. I dare not offer you the present, or the past, but the future can be made worthy of you. Will you take it, when I have proved that it is fit to offer?"

"*I will.*"

With these words for the guiding-star of that future, he made it all that even she could wish; and Baby's golden head had only time to win a tiny tinge of brown, ere the promise was accomplished.

But, just then, the result was a Merry Christmas to all concerned, and the fulfilment of the angel's hymn on the First Christmas,

"Peace on Earth."

caught up to Alice's breast, and Alice's quivering lips whispered:

"Your prayer is heard, Baby! I never was so happy in my life!"

Then entered a crowd of little people attired in white robes, and pattering around in bare feet, to whom Baby.

"Kriss had hard times dettin down! See my dollie!"

But they were too busy "seeing" their own treasures. It was a curious fact, that everybody got exactly what he or she wanted, and more never dreamed about. Tom, especially, gloried in enough guns, swords and other weapons of a warlike nature, to equip a Liliputian army. It took a long time to unravel the mysteries of that room, but, by degrees, it was discovered that all the earthly materials for an exceedingly merry Christmas were contained therein. By the time this climax was attained it began to grow late; and, the door opening, there was a general scamper of bare feet towards an inner room.

"Merry Christmas!" The scampering feet stopped half way, and to the enchanted gaze of the placid little blue-eyed woman, the night-gowned crowd stood confessed!

"We'll go to Mass together, and we'll all take dinner together, and God bless you all, by that time Walter will be free!"

She actually sobbed, this placid, this brave, this wonderful, little old woman! And somehow, it came quite as a matter of course for all to fall on their knees, and for Alice's voice to whisper the song of the angels on the first Christmas:

"Glory be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will."

Of course, the result was a merry Christmas to all included in this present story, and if you want to know what happened after, it was that a day came when Walter Langdon realized that vision which used to come like the "sweep of an angel's wing" over the shadows of his past. He made the life she had redeemed from a scaffold worthy of her love, and then he offered it for Alice's acceptance. She smiled and said, all her true heart revealing itself in her eyes:

"When God let me save you, I loved you. My love has followed all your noble strivings for the right, its prayers have all been answered now, so take it—it is yours."

At the little, placid woman's knee, they plighted their troth, and received her blessing on a future, whose peace and virtue made up for all the pain and strife of the past. Under the shadow of their own happy home, a cottage rose for Biddy and her children; and in order to be a true chronicler, I must record that as Baby's hair grew tinged with brown, she discarded the gold-haired "Stella," for a little dark-eyed creature, called Alice, who cried without any particular provocation thereto, and who smiled so enchantingly that her placid Grandma called her an angel. As for her eyes, she often

kept them open when even her greatest admirers would have preferred them shut; but then, there was an advantage in the fact of their being "real," as was indeed the case with her whole conformation, in Baby's critical judgment. Let my readers rest assured, also, on the authority of Tom, that the particular Christmas which fixes the time of my story, was the last in the annals of the family when there existed any doubt of turkey or mince-pie being on the programme; that becoming, for all future time, the particular care of the little, placid, blue-eyed woman—little, and placid, and blue-eyed still, though all this happened twenty years ago; and round her knees now cluster adoring grandchildren, who love to hear the story of the poor prisoner who found forgiveness and hope at his mother's knee, when all else had failed. She never tells it without adding:

"So, my dears, keep what you learn at your mother's knees as you would a diamond, for its value will never fail you, and its truth never change." Which, my reader, is the moral of the present tale.

A CITY WEED.

We may not trample on thee, simple weed,
So bravely springing in the stony way;
The sturdy growth of some far-wafted seed,
Thus flourishing upon a grain of clay;
No gaudy colours flaunt around thy stem,
No grateful scent thy hardy foliage yields,
But, rudely set, thou shinest like a gem,
In hues reflected from the distant fields,

Thou drawest nurture from the dewy skies;
Thou findest food upon the subtle air;
And sometimes may the sun rejoice thine eyes
(For thou hast eyes) down in thy sombre lair.
And thou art beautiful! so firmly set
Within the ragged crevice of a stone;
So strong, so resolute, so hopeful, yet
So surely perishable, and alone.

So shouldst thou stand, thou brave and simple heart,
As firmly planted on thy foot of ground;
As strong, as resolute to play thy part,
Though stony dangers hem thee closely round.
Perchance, brave weed, did we thy nature know,
Rare balms and subtle virtues in thee lie;
Yet thy best fortune is, unharmed to grow,
Unknown to ripen, shed thy seed, and die.

A SOLDIER'S DEVOTION.

A STORY OF THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

On the 18th of October, 1812, Napoleon, accompanied by the Prince d' Eckmuhl, better known as Marshal Davoust, commanding the first division, commenced that eventful retreat from Moscow so disastrous to the immense army that had followed him. At the close of a march which had been rendered more difficult by the state of the roads and continual rain, the Emperor arrived on the 23d at Borowsk, and there passed the night. The next morning, while indicating the order of march so as to gain Maro-Jaroslavitz, where he counted on making some stay, he learned that, at the distance of four leagues before him, the Delzian division, under the orders of Prince Eugene, had found that village, with the surrounding woods and heights, unoccupied. This was an important position to maintain; for the Russian general, Kutusoff, who marched parallel with the French army, might possibly seize on it, and thus cut off the route to Kalouga. Wishing to assure himself of the taking possession of this point, the Emperor rode to the quarter from whence it was expected the Russian general would make the attack, and, despite the torrents of rain, tranquilly examined the ground which might ere long become a field of battle. Suddenly the sound of brisk firing struck on his ear. He became restless; and, pressing his horse, ascended a hillock to reconnoitre, but the belt of wood intercepted any extended view.

"Can the Russians have been beforehand with us?" demanded he of Davoust, who had not quitted his side. "We have not marched quick enough. I should not wish to repass the left wing of Kutusoff."

"Sire," replied Prince d'Eckmuhl, "perhaps in the manœuvre prescribed by your majesty, the troops may have manifested a little of that dullness which usually accompanies great fatigue."

"Believe you so, Monsieur le Marshal? Nevertheless, we have already passed more than six leagues."

"It is true, sire; but Moscow is not more than 106 versts altogether from Maro-Jaroslavitz. Four days' march are sufficient to clear that distance, and this is our sixth day. Kutusoff has been in advance of us."

"Is it then a battle?" said Napoleon, impatiently, as the cannon were heard more distinctly, and seemed to be approaching. "Go, Davoust, go; quicken your troops and infuse a little of your spirit into them; for we must act now—not to conquer, but solely to preserve."

Notwithstanding the haste with which the Marshal executed the orders of the Emperor, he did not arrive on the scene of action until after the success of the French troops had been assured. However, the combat still raged with fury at the extremity of the village, and when the second division of the first corps, commanded by General Fryant, attempted to take possession of one of the heights, the Russian cannon played upon them with redoubled vigor. Davoust immediately despatched one of his aids-de camp, the Colonel Koblinski, to Prince Eugene; but in traversing the line, that officer was struck by a bullet, which shattered his thigh, and he instantly fell from his horse.

On the night of that brilliant combat, the Prince d'Eckmuhl, who was still uncertain of the fate of his aid-de-camp, sought for him

through the field of battle, which presented the most horrible spectacle. Delzon and his brother general had also fallen while leading the last attack. While sadly thinking over the blighted hopes of his Emperor, and mourning the fate of his brave companions, the attention of Davoust was arrested by the voice of a soldier, who, covered with blood, and endeavouring to extricate himself from the heap of carnage which surrounded him, feebly exclaimed, "Heavens! have my friends left me here to die without succour?"

It was Koblinski. Davoust immediately recognized him, and, leaping from his horse, gently raised the sufferer in his arms, cheered his drooping spirits, and despatched a messenger for the surgeon-general. On his arrival with his assistants, he examined the wound, and the glance exchanged with the marshal told more eloquently than words would convey how slight were the hopes entertained of the recovery of the unfortunate Pole.

"It is a soldier's fate," said Davoust, in a voice trembling with emotion. "Gentlemen, exert your skill to the utmost."

The effect of the bullet had been such as to make amputation necessary, which the brave Pole bore with fortitude, the prince remaining by his side during the operation. The wound being dressed, he embraced the sufferer, and spoke in tones of hope and encouragement; and having recommended him to the care of a few whom he could confide in, mounted his horse to join the Emperor, who waited with impatience.

After attending a council of war, composed of the principal generals of the army, and having received instructions as to his future line of march, Davoust retired to his quarters. Already the two first divisions of the first corps were in movement, when an officer, whom he had sent to inquire as to the state of Koblinski, returned and informed him that he still survived, and, with proper care, might yet recover. The marshal was overjoyed at the intelligence, but was perplexed as to the best mode of conveying him to Smolensk, the wagons being in the rear of the army and already crowded to excess. A sudden thought started to his mind, and placing himself in front of the forty-eighth regiment as they defiled, he addressed a company of grenadiers of the second battalion:—

"Grenadiers!" said he, "my aid-de-camp, Colonel Koblinski, was yesterday severely wounded while showing you an example of courage and obedience. He is a Pole. Would you wish to leave him to the Russians?"

"No, no. Long live the Pole!" cried the soldiers.

"Vive l'Empereur!" cried they who had not fully comprehended the words of the marshal.

"Listen then," said Davoust. "Are there amongst this company, which I have selected, four men who are willing to undertake the responsible task which I shall impose?"

At this invitation a grenadier, stepped from the ranks, exclaimed briskly, "Here!" He was immediately followed by a dozen others: all the company did the same.

The marshal, addressing the man who had first spoken, demanding his name.

"Joseph Trigaud."

"Well, Trigaud, it is to you that I confide my aid-de-camp. Thou and thy comrades shall be answerable for him. Soldiers, guard him as you would your colours!"

"Yes, yes. Vive l'Empereur! We are responsible!" cried all the grenadiers.

A litter was immediately constructed, on which the Pole was laid, and carried in the centre of the company, which soon after continued its march.

In the meanwhile, the retreat of the main body of the army, commenced at first in good order, soon presented, from the intensity of the frost, a frightful aspect of disorganization, selfishness, and misery. The company of grenadiers slowly pursued their course, and were soon isolated amidst immense plains covered with the wrecks of the army. Sometimes in a square, with the litter of Koblinski in the centre, they repulsed with the bayonet the charges of the dragoons of Miloradowitch, or returned the unexpected attacks of Platow with a withering fire—ever acting on the defensive, but always calm, silent, and steady. By these means their numbers had gradually diminished; and when, on the 30th of October, they reached Viazma, out of the entire company not more than thirty survived. Still these brave men, abandoned and left to themselves, preserved, amidst the general discontent, that moral force which conquers even events. It was their honour, and not their lives, that they sought to defend. It was sufficient for them that one of the most illustrious Marshals of their Emperor had said to them, "To your honour and bravery I confide my aid-de-camp: you are to restore him to me." These words had acted as a talisman, which had not lost its force under the pressure of misery, privations, and even death.

After three weeks of continual hardship, the few men who remained of the devoted and heroic company scouted with disdain, and looked on as an affront, the repeated prayers and solicitations of the Pole, who, seeing himself the cause of so many sacrifices and sufferings, had besought them to save themselves by at once putting an end to his misery.

"Thou art but a coward," said he to Trigaud, "who will not dare to do what I ask—to shoot me through the head!"

"Colonel," replied Trigaud with stoical tranquillity, "you may charge me with such if you please, but I laugh at it. Dead or alive, we shall carry you to Smolensk. It is the order of the Marshal, and he ever requires that his orders should be obeyed."

"If you had but buried me yesterday in the snow, when attacked by the Cossacks, I should ere today have suffered no more."

"The Cossacks would have disinterred and burned you alive," replied Trigaud, who, during the previous night, had made his own body a protection to the wounded man. "Those eaters of candles would rejoice to have your skin; but they must first take mine—'tis ready for them. Oh, the savages!"

"You are but a coward," repeated the Pole in a feverish transport, which shook the litter on which he lay.

"Be calm, be calm, my colonel; you know that the carbines of the Marshal have ere now taught the necessity of obedience. Why, then, do you wrong us by speaking these disagreeable things? However, it is all equal to me; I shall not reply to you."

He who spoke thus nearly perished, with all his companions, in the passage of the Voss, while endeavouring to protect the sacred deposit confided to them. The waters of the torrent were, within twenty-four hours, changed into sharp and bristling masses of ice, and owing to this circumstance, but a few of the grenadiers reached the opposite bank. Some days subsequently, when Trigaud awoke after a few hours' repose, he found that but four of his comrades survived, the others having perished from the stupefying effects of the frost—a miniature of what the great body of the army was at that moment suffering, and which has left in the military annals of Napoleon such horrible reminiscences. Before the

day had closed, they distinguished on the edge of the gloomy horizon a line of houses, the route to which was marked by the dead bodies left by the immense army which had preceded them. It was Smolensk —the land of promise—where the things looked forward to as the greatest luxuries might be procured —a fire, shelter and a little bread. A cry of joy escaped the five brave men who still supported the litter of Koblinski. Three, however, fell to rise no more when within sight of the town; a fourth soon after shared the same fate, and but one grenadier — Trigaud — was left to brave the elements with the now inanimate body of the Pole. Not being able to carry him, he slowly dragged him along, and at length perceiving some men at a distance, called to them for assistance. They soon came to his aid, and he reached Smolensk in a few hours, after twenty-two days of fighting, fatigue and misery. He entered, it is true, the only survivor of his company; but he cared not, since he had redeemed the promise made to the Prince d'Eckmuhl.

The next day Trigaud learned that the Marshal had arrived but a few days previously, and was then in the town, which presented the appearance of one vast hospital, protected by sentries, and extending to the very suburbs. The skeletons of horses, which had been converted into food, were scattered in every street, and the doors and windows of the houses had long since been consumed as firewood by the frozen and famishing soldiery. It was in one of the houses in the outskirts of the town that Prince d'Eckmuhl had established his quarters, and thither Trigaud, assisted by some soldiers, bore the insensible body of Koblinski, and laid it on some straw at the doorway. On entering the house, he perceived an officer on guard in an outer room, enveloped in the ragged remains of a cuirassier's cloak, of whom he demanded to speak with the Marshal.

"What seek you of him?" asked the officer, without changing his posture.

"I come to render an account of a mission with which he charged me at Maro-Jaroslavitz, and to deliver up the deposit confided to me."

"The prince is at this moment in council; you can remain and rest yourself until it is concluded."

"Certainly," said Trigaud, who spoke in a tone of sadness, "but mayhap, in the meantime, you would make known to him that the grenadiers of the second company of the forty-eighth regiment of the line, Fryant's division, first corps, to whom he intrusted the care of his aid-de-camp, Col. Koblinski, have fulfilled his orders; and that the company are awaiting the honour of passing under his inspection."

At the name of Koblinski, Davoust, who had entered and heard the last part of the conversation, but who had not recognized in the worn and emaciated being before him the once noble-looking grenadier, advanced and demanded of him, "Where is my aid-de-camp?"

"He is here, at the door."

"And thy company?" said Davoust, hastily.

At these words, Trigaud took the position of a soldier without arms, placed his heels in a line, and slowly raising his head, replied, in a grave voice, "All present, my Marshal!"

"I have demanded where are the company of grenadiers of the forty-eighth," repeated the prince, in a tone of impatience.

"I have replied. Here!" and Trigaud placed the back of his hand to his forehead.

"But thy comrades—where are they?"

"Ah! that is different, my Marshal. You ask where I have left

my comrades? That is your question, is it not?"

Davoust made a sign in the affirmative, impatiently striking his foot on the ground.

"Well, that is soon told. The last of them are at the bottom of the Voss, close by; the remainder under the snow. All!"

"How? All?"

"All, without an exception," replied the soldier, as his haggard and sunken eyes filled with tears.

The prince could not repress a movement of terror and pity, and seizing the arm of Trigaud, who shook convulsively, he repeated, in an agitated tone, "All, say you?"

"Yes, all, except me. I am the last."

Without speaking, Davoust moved to the place where Koblinski lay, while Trigaud, raising himself to his full height, proudly exclaimed—"He is here alive! It was I who brought him!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

EVER since the Sublime Porte told the English Bondholders that the heavy interest which has so long drained the resources of the Turkish Empire could not be any longer met, but that they must be content with half, the interest of England in Turkey has sensibly diminished. The *Times*, *Spectator*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, in fact all the English organs of public opinion are beginning to come round to the idea that the sooner Turkey "goes by the board," the better, or at least that it is not worth while for England to go to war to "maintain its integrity." The only thing to be done is for England to try and get hold of Egypt in some way, so that it may not fall into the hands of some power hostile to Great Britain.

THE present condition of Italy has attracted the attention of the London *Times*, which, in articles and reviews, draws attention to the fact that King Victor Emanuel detests Rome as a place of residence, and that the people and nobility still slight him. The Italian deputies also dislike residence there, and as they are mostly persons in moderate circumstances, they cannot bear the expense. The finances are in a terrible condition, the taxation is very heavy, and a constant feeling of uncertainty prevails. The influence of the Pope is admitted to be very great and increasing. How true it is, that as an old writer said, "No one ever swallowed Rome, that it did not disagree with him."

THE Abbe Migne is dead. He was a French ecclesiastic and scholar. He was laborious and earnest in the field of Patristic literature, and it was his ardent wish to put into the hands of every Catholic cheap and correct versions of the works of the ecclesiastical writers of the Church. His labors were untiring, and although he met with severe losses, and much opposition, he has left behind him many noble literary productions replete with scholarship and learning.

IT is of course absurd to suppose that the ancient paganism of Rome and Greece can be renewed in its former aspect. But is there not a very widely spread prevalence of the ideas of the old heathens? The advocacy of cremation, the glorification of Goethe, a pure intellectual Pagan, the resolution of everything into the effect of natural laws, the contempt of and disbelief in the supernatural, the esteem for *mere* wealth, (irrespective of the good that may be done by it,) the worship of great power exemplified in the admiration for Napoleon and Bismarck; the growing disposition to let the State manage everything; what are all these but Pagan ideas revived?

The most curious thing about modern opinion on these subjects, particularly in the United States, is the deep-rooted belief that popular freedom is secure. All history teaches the observer that Liberty is hard to be gained, and harder to be preserved. It slips away from nations, and they know not that they have lost it till it is too late.

THIS is a very sentimental age. Sentimental tales are eagerly read by millions, who

read nothing else, and think that everything solid is "dull." Sentimental songs are sold by tens of thousands, while the purest gems of poetry find few readers and fewer buyers. And yet with all this profuse sentiment, there is a constantly increasing growth of crimes of the most outrageous character. The divorce courts were never busier than in this sentimental age and nation; and the number of assaults on women and children that take place, would make each particular hair stand up on the heads of our ancestors 100 years ago, if they were alive to see them. And while all this is going on, let any one suggest, ever so mildly, that the system of education is wrong, he is immediately set down as an "enemy of our public schools." Truly we need an American Carlyle to expose the shams of the nineteenth century.

On Sunday, Nov. 7, the Marlborough Street Cathedral, Dublin, witnessed a spectacle unique in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland: the spectacle of Mass said in an Irish church in the presence of two princes of the Church, one Irish by birth, both Irish by blood. His eminence, the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, was on a short visit to Ireland on his return home to his See, when he was received in Dublin by Cardinal Cullen, and hospitably entertained at his residence in Eccles street. At the solemn High Mass, at which was present the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and many other distinguished visitors, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, although senior in sacred dignity, yielded precedence to his illustrious guest, who gave the Benediction at the close of Mass. In the afternoon their Eminences visited the Cabra Convent and the Cabra Deaf and Dumb Institution, under the care of the Christian Brothers. After a week's visit to Erin, Cardinal McCloskey embarked for New York on November 14th. He received a perfect ovation from the warm hearted Catholics of Cork at his departure.

On November 21, the pastoral of the Catholic Hierarchy of the Province of Ontario, was read in all the churches throughout the province. It refers to education, training-schools, intemperance, secret societies, &c. Of the civil power, it says: "There are unwise men who presume to assert that the civil power is supreme, even in spiritual affairs; that to it spiritual power should be subordinate. Were the Apostles to have believed this the Gospel could not have been preached in this world or handed down to us pure and unsullied. Civil power is from God, for the well-being of society and its own limits are bounded by the same law of the same God, from whom it derives its authority. It has no right to interfere with the preaching of the true Gospel and the establishment of the religion of Christ when the means taken are peaceful."

Considerable attention has been lately directed toward the Catholic Church in Canada. It seems to be forgotten, or is not known by many, that the Catholic Church in Canada is in possession of many rights and privileges which belonged to it, when Canada was subject to the French Crown. These privileges are guaranteed to it by solemn enactments. There is a large party in Canada which would rob the church of these possessions and rights, and it is this party which has caused all the trouble in reference to Guibord. Indifferent about, and scoffers at, Catholic cemeteries or ceremonies, this party has tried to "make capital" out of the Guibord scandal, and has, unhappily, to some extent succeeded.

Signor Minghetti, Victor Emanuel's Prime Minister, is about to enter upon a new campaign against the Catholic Church in Italy. He has taken up the idea elaborated by Mr. Gladstone in his late article, viz: that the flock shall elect its shepherd, and the taught its teacher. In other words, that priests in Italy shall be elected by the popular vote, and also that the financial affairs of each parish shall be regulated by a lay board. This is a most ingenious plot, but its success is very doubtful. It has been tried already in Switzerland, but with small success, as the real Catholics will not vote, and only recognize and obey the priest that is appointed by the Bishop. So that the "elected priest" governs a minute flock of schismatics, and the rightfully appointed one retains the Catholics, although he may be deprived of his church and driven into exile.

The proposal to erect at New York a great International Colossus, representing Liberty enlightening the world, to commemorate the aid given by France to the struggling American colonies, has aroused the ire of certain English journals, notably of the *Saturday Review*, which considers it a matter to be deprecated. It considers the attack of France upon England, in 1779, unprovoked, forgetful of the fact that England had, only in 1763, deprived the former country of Canada and

its former vast American dominions. It proceeds to point out that Spain and Holland soon after joined in the attack, and that Russia, Prussia and Sweden formed the Armed Neutrality of the North. These successive events prove not so much the injustice of nations, as the general unpopularity of England under its Tory Government at the close of the last century.

THE Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, was dedicated on the 21st of November. It cost $250,000, and its marble altar cost $5,000. Its length is 216 feet, and its greatest width 102. It accommodates 2,300 persons in pews, and 1,000 standing. At the dedication 5,000 persons marched in procession. The Right Rev. Dr. Foley, Bishop of Chicago, celebrated the dedicatory services, and sang a solemn Pontificial Mass. The Right Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Bishop of Richmond, and Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, and the Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, Co-adjutor Bishop of St. Louis, were present, and the latter delivered the dedication discourse. The music was in Gregorian chant, which it is the wish and desire of Dr. McMullen, the pastor, to get universally adopted, and he set the example on this occasion.

IT is a very remarkable fact, that His present, Holiness has buried over a hundred Cardinals since the commencement of his Pontificate. Two more have to be added to the list. His Eminence, Cardinal Pietro de Silvestri, died on Nov. 24th, and the illustrious Cardinal Rauscher, Prince Archbishop of Vienna and Prince of Schwarzenberg, died on the 26th of November. He was born at Vienna in 1797, became Archbishop of Vienna in 1853, and was proclaimed Cardinal on December 17, 1855. He took an active part at the Council of the Vatican, and was held in high regard for his learning, zeal and abilities.

AN American gentleman, Mr. Hoyle, of New York, wished to have the inscription "Requiescat in pace" inscribed on his father's tomb-stone in Marsden, Huddersfield, England. The Protestant Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Bickersteth, forbade it on the ground that the state of the departed is fixed the moment after death, and the inscription in question supposes that it is not, and so is Romish. It is a prayer for the dead, and not in accordance with Protestant doctrines. Dr. Bickersteth is right, but he forgets that he thus abandons the old argument of Protestant divines who, when pressed by Catholics with the well-known fact that Christians in all ages have prayed for the dead, and thus did believe in a Purgatory, replied that prayers for the dead did not imply belief in Purgatory. Dr. Bickersteth says they do, and he is correct. But many thousands of members of the Church of England, who believe in either Purgatory or in "the sleep of the soul" after death, are very wroth with Dr. Bickersteth. The *Spectator* calls him "a goose" and "silly."

THE Vicariate Apostolic of British Colombia is very large, and contains over 20,000 Catholics. The Very Rev. P. Durien, O. M. I., was consecrated Bishop of a See in partibus and coadjutor to the Rev. L. J. D' Herbomez, the Vicar appointed on Oct. 24th. The Pro Cathedral is in New Westminster, and most of the Catholics are baptized Indians. There are 35 missions in the Territories, and the hardships and difficulties of it are such that only tne Oblates of Mary Immaculate have the courage to undertake the duty.

THE *Nation*, the *New York Tribune*, and the *Episcopal Church Congress*, have all been discussing the question of how to get the poor to church. It seems that short services will not do, that free chapels meet the case very imperfectly, that good preachers are absorbed by high-paying congregations, and that the number of poor who do not attend church has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished. All these writers and speakers also point to the Catholic churches and their crowded and overflowing congregations, and wonder why Protestant churches cannot get the same attendance. A Henry Ward Beecher or a Talmage may draw a large crowd every Sunday to hear them preach, and so does Wendell Phillips when he lectures. It is no more a religious act to hear a discourse by the one than a lecture by the other. It is an intellectual pleasure, or even an instructive lesson. To unite in common devotion with one's fellow-man is laudable, but a man can pray at home as well as in church. The plain reason why Catholics go to church is that they believe that Jesus Christ is there; now they should worship Him, and unite themselves in spirit with the Perpetual Sacrifice. The Protestant poor will more and more absent themselves from religious services, as the popular impression is that Science is gaining on Religion. There is no remedy for this but the *Catholic faith*.

ONE of Froude's assertions when lecturing in America, and in which he only followed the example set him by his countrymen from Geraldus Cambrensis in the twelfth century, was that the ancient Irish were a mere tribe of barbarians, without laws or civilization. For many centuries the policy of England succeeded in burying the Irish antiquities in obscurity; but of late years the Celtic antiquities have been studied by many learned men, and the language, customs and institutions of the ancient Irish have been vindicated.

Only lately the *Edinburgh Review*, *Fraser's Monthly* and the *London Quarterly*, published articles on the laws and customs of Ireland and on its ancient institutions. It appears that not only are the claims of the Irish people to a great antiquity well founded, but also that the civilization they possessed for centuries before the Norman conquest, and even before St. Patrick's mission, was very conclusive. The ancient laws bear many marks of being framed in that spirit of justice for which the Irish have always been noted.

THERE is nothing new under the sun! Somebody discovered a papyrus roll among the bones of a mummy in the Theban Necropolis of Egypt. It has been translated by Ebers, who states that it was written over 1500 years before Christ, and prior to the Exodus of the Jews. It is a treatise on medicine, and contains recipes for preventing the hair from turning gray, and for preventing baldness, healing the nerves, and killing vermin!

Some Egyptian Helmbold, long gone where Hair Dyes and Invigorators are not required, doubtless composed it, and the word "good" marked in another handwriting near the recipes, shows how his compounds were esteemed and valued.

ANOTHER Irish Bishop is dead—the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong, the venerated Bishop of Wexford. He was 75 years old, having been born in the opening year of the nineteenth century. Receiving his early education in the seminary at Wexford, he finished it at Maynooth. There he held the chair of Dogmatic and Moral Theology, and was consecrated Bishop of Fenns in March, 1857, succeeding the Most Rev. Bishop Murphy.

Bishop Furlong was an ardent enemy of intemperance, and his labors on behalf of both temperance and the observance of Sunday were constant. He was a good prelate and reformed many abuses in his diocese. He was interred in the Cathedral of Enniscorthy on Wednesday, Nov. 17.

The Diocese of Ferns comprises the whole of Wexford and part of Wicklow. It contains 150,000 people, of which number nine-tenths are Catholics. No Catholic sells spirituous liquors on Sunday. No part of the British Empire exhibits more industry and less crime, and Catholic education is universal. It is full of elegant churches.

THE purchase by England of a controlling interest in the Suez Canal is a wise stroke of policy. England wishes to strengthen her influence in Egypt, which is already very great, and to be in a proper position, in case the Turkish Empire finally breaks up, either to secure that country, or at least to guard English interests there.

EVER since the Turks repudiated the interest on half the debt (although driven to it by inexorable necessity), English sympathy for them has visibly cooled. The British bondholders have raised their voices loudly to complain of their losses, and John Bull feels any assault upon his pocket very keenly.

PRESIDENT GRANT is very anxious about the future. He recommends that a constitutional amendment be passed, forever prohibiting any grant for the benefit or aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination, either by legislative, municipal or other authority; also making it the duty of each of the several states to establish, and forever maintain, free public schools, irrespective of sex, color, birthplace or religion. His reforming zeal likewise extends to taxation; and after asserting that there is $1,000,000,000 worth of untaxed Church property in the United States, he suggests that the sight of this may lead "to sequestration without constitutional authority and through blood."

Thus the process of "constitution tinkering" at the expense chiefly of Catholics and of local and other rights, is inaugurated, and the developments may be awaited with curiosity.

His recommendation is sufficiently sweeping, as may be seen. It is thus worded:

"No sectarian tenets shall ever be taught in any school supported in whole or in part by the State, nation, or by the proceeds of any tax levied by any community. Make education compulsory, so far as to deprive all persons who cannot read and write from becoming voters after the year 1890, disfranchising none, however, on grounds of illiteracy who may be voters at the time this amendment takes effect."

One thing is clear, however, that if the proposed amendments are ever carried, the

Bible must be excluded from every scoool in the land, and pure and unadulterated atheistic education made the law of the country. Where is the gain to any party in all this?

THE cure of Lourdes has determined to build a new parish church in the village which was so singularly favored of the Mother of God. The old church is exceedingly ancient, and was built in 950, at a time when Lourdes did not contain more than 1,000 inhabitants. The resident population is now 5,000, and the number of pilgrims amounts annually to something like 500,000, so that the venerable parish church is no longer able to accommodate its vast congregations.

There are few incidents in history so remarkable as the suddenness with which an obscure French village rose to world-wide celebrity, and this in an age so remarkably skeptical as the nineteenth century. Surely no one in the last century, or even twenty-five years ago, could have possibly predicted it.

AT the time we go to press, Charles O'Conor, the distinguished lawyer, is lying sick and not expected to recover. He was born in New York, in 1804, and was admitted to the bar shortly after attaining his majority. The *New York Tribune* well remarked on the universal interest felt in his condition: Here is a man who has rarely held public position, whose reputation is exclusively legal and professional, and whose political acts have generally been regarded as impracticable and unwise. He has for some time been removed from much active contact with affairs, and his death would scarcely make a jar in any important business now in hand, either in his profession or in politics. And yet it is safe to say that there is no man in this community of two million inhabitants whose character is more universally honored, whose loss would be more widely deplored, or for whose recovery there is a more genuine and hearty desire.

CHIEF JUSTICE DUNN, of Arizona, is a Catholic, and made a very able address on the school question at Tucson, in which he set forth the claims of Catholics to their share in the school funds so well that a bill providing for such schools came within one vote of passing the Council. There seems to be a well founded rumor now that President Grant will remove the Chief Justice. This high-handed act will surely meet with the condemnation of all liberal minded persons who desire to respect the rights of conscience of others, as well as to preserve their own. Chief Justice Dunn has committed no fault except in standing up for the rights of his co-religionists, and a blow directed against him on this account alone will be an insult to the Catholics of America.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GENTILISM: RELIGION PREVIOUS TO CHRISTIANITY. By Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S. J. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street, 1876.

Father Thebaud is already well known as a profound and erudite scholar from his recent book upon the Irish Race. His treatise upon Gentilism will add to his reputation. The general subject upon which his treatise has a direct bearing, evolutionism, is one which is receiving general attention, not only on account of its relation to physical science, but still more from the disposition of scientists of the Tyndall school to anticipate in their speculation both facts and the conclusions which may legitimately result from facts yet to be determined, and thus build up an argument against revealed religion. Father Thebaud, after an introductory chapter in which he points out a number of the weak points and *non-sequiturs* of the "evolutionists," takes up specially their assumption that the Primitive Man was a barbarian. To the overthrow of this false idea he devotes the remainder of his work, showing, by a thorough discussion of the status of man in the earliest ages in Hindostan, Egypt and Central Asia, that his condition then was not that of a savage, but one which presupposes a high state of civilization. In proof of this Father Thebaud discusses with much care and thoroughness the results of the investigations of the extant remains of the first people of those countries, their architecture, history, languages and religion, and shows with a clearness and force that amount to demonstration, the perfect harmony of the results reached by ethnological, philological and antiquarian investigations with divine revelation. The exhibition by Father Thebaud of the gradual declension of the people of Central Asia, Hindostan, Egypt, and ancient Greece from a purely monotheistic religion, first into a refined Pantheism, and then downward and backward

into Polytheism and gross forms of idolatry, is exceedingly instructive and interesting. The exhibit conveys with it, too, an unanswerable argument in proof of the truth of the divine revelation in the harmony of its statements of the process of man's falling away from the knowledge and service of the one true God, with the history of that process as gathered from ancient remains of the life and sentiments and poetry of the first peoples of Asia, as made known by recent antiquarian studies.

Father Thebaud's whole work evinces extensive and laborious research, careful and accurate analysis of facts, and a thorough mastery of his subject.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ALMANAC for 1876. The Catholic Publication Society. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South 10th street.

We have received this pamphlet from P. F. Cunningham & Son. It contains the usual amount of really good things which has made it so popular in the past; but this year it unfortunately shows evidences of carelessness in its compilation, which are surprising, particularly when coming from such discriminating compilers as we reasonably suppose the publishers to be. Thus for instance, it will no doubt be a matter of surprise to both His Eminence of New York and His Grace of Philadelphia, to say nothing of His Grace of Baltimore, to learn that Cardinal McCloskey conferred the Pallium on Archbishop Wood. Knowing however, as we do, the facility with which such comparatively trifling errors may occur, and the still greater facility of criticising the meritorious labors of others, we pass such trifles by; but when we come to such errors as that which appears on page 87, we must pause to censure: "The Augustinian Church of St. Augustine, the first Catholic Church built in the city proper of Philadelphia." By no species of reasoning can we construe this into a typographical error. Everybody knows how jealous all Catholic Philadelphians are of the honor accorded to old St. Joseph's, of being the first church built, not only in Philadelphia, but in the city proper of any city of America except St. Augustine, Florida, or some of the former Mexican towns. Even Baltimore itself was outstripped in this respect. St. Augustine's church was the *third*, or perhaps the fourth church built in Philadelphia; we cannot recall just now which has precedence in age, it or Holy Trinity; but according to this almanac's own statement on page 66, St. Joseph's was built nearly seventy years, and St. Mary's was founded nearly forty years before the good Augustinians planted their first mission in America at Philadelphia.

THE THREE PEARLS, or Virginity and Martyrdom. By a daughter of charity. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

Three poems with an appropriate prose introduction to each, and respectively dedicated to Cecelia, patroness of Christian song, Agnes, loveliest of the virgin martyr train, and Catharine, patroness of Christian philosophy, make their appearance in one beautiful volume, and come to our desk at the most appropriate period of the Christian Year, the last week of November, in whose calendar the feast of the first and last of these cherished saints shine as red-letter days. The thought which inspired such a work was heaven-born, and the execution proves that the angels who really fill the places of the imaginary heathen muses presided over the author's labors. Personal devotion would lead us to be prejudiced in favor of the second poem, St. Agnes; but a hasty and not too critical perusal forces us to the conviction that St. Cecelia held her own ground in the generous rivalry which we may piously suppose to have existed in such a celestial contest. The entire work is a valuable addition to a pure and elevated Catholic literature.

THE CEREMONIAL OF THE CHURCH for the use of the churches in the United States of America. Originally published by the First Council of Baltimore. Fourth Edition. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875.

This new and very handsome edition of a well known work is strongly recommended to the Rev. Clergy, and we at the same time take occasion to reiterate our almost trite advice to the laity to study the liturgy of the Church, of which this book is a most excellent exposition.

FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF THE VISITATION, or lives of several religieuses of that order. Translated from the French. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875.

In this latest addition to what we may call the sentimental literature of the Catholic laity, especially the female portion of it, has been reproduced the biographies of several good *religieuses* of the Visitation order. The book is written in a more practical spirit than such works usually possess, and indeed the daughters of St. Francis de Sales could not be imitators of their father if they did display such a characteristic. They might, however, have been less fortunate in their biographer. The glimpses of the character of the great De Sales himself render the book still more attractive.

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